

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE

50

BLACK CAT



BENDIS
BAGLEY
THIBERT

MARVEL®

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #50

70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

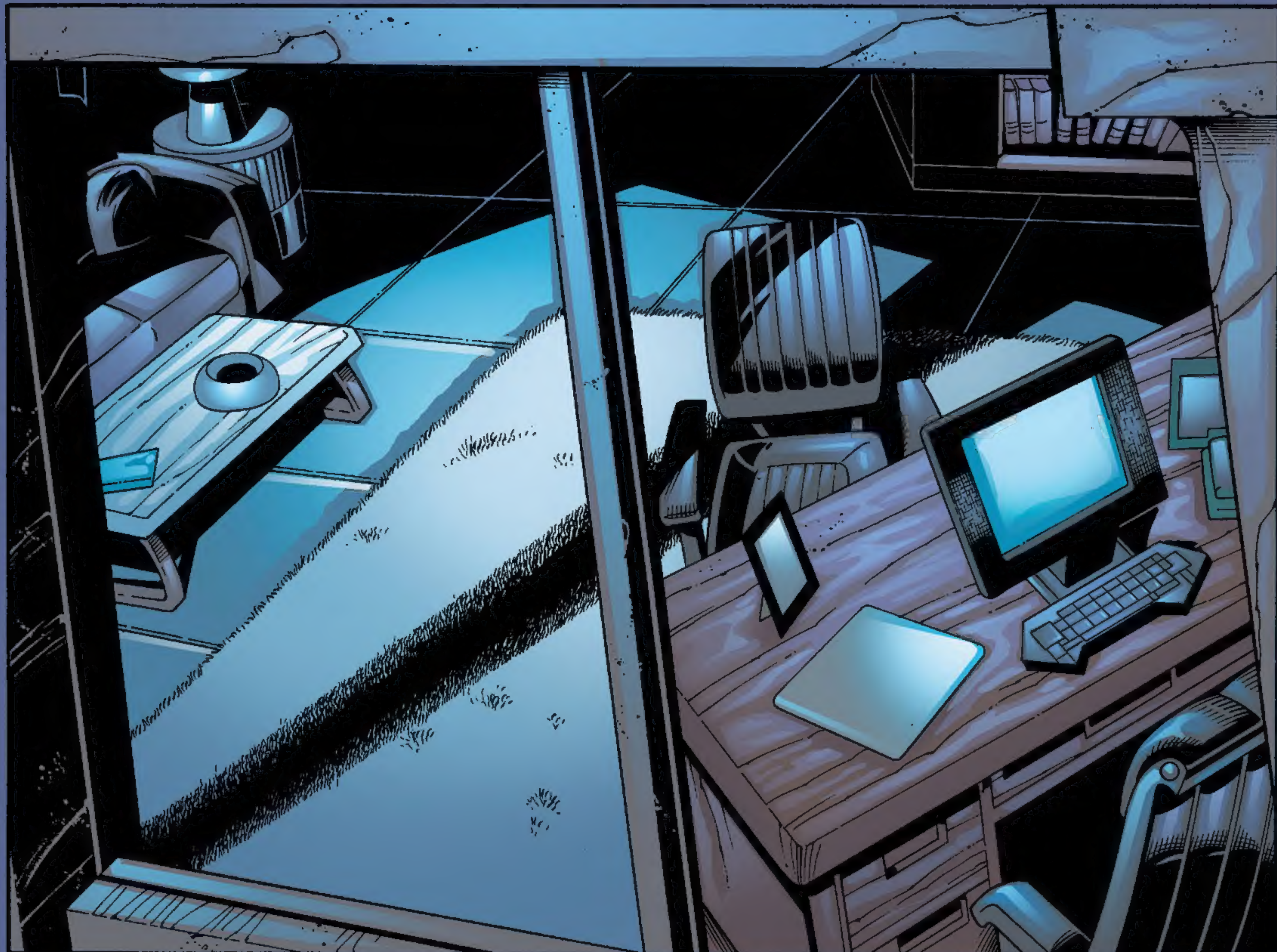
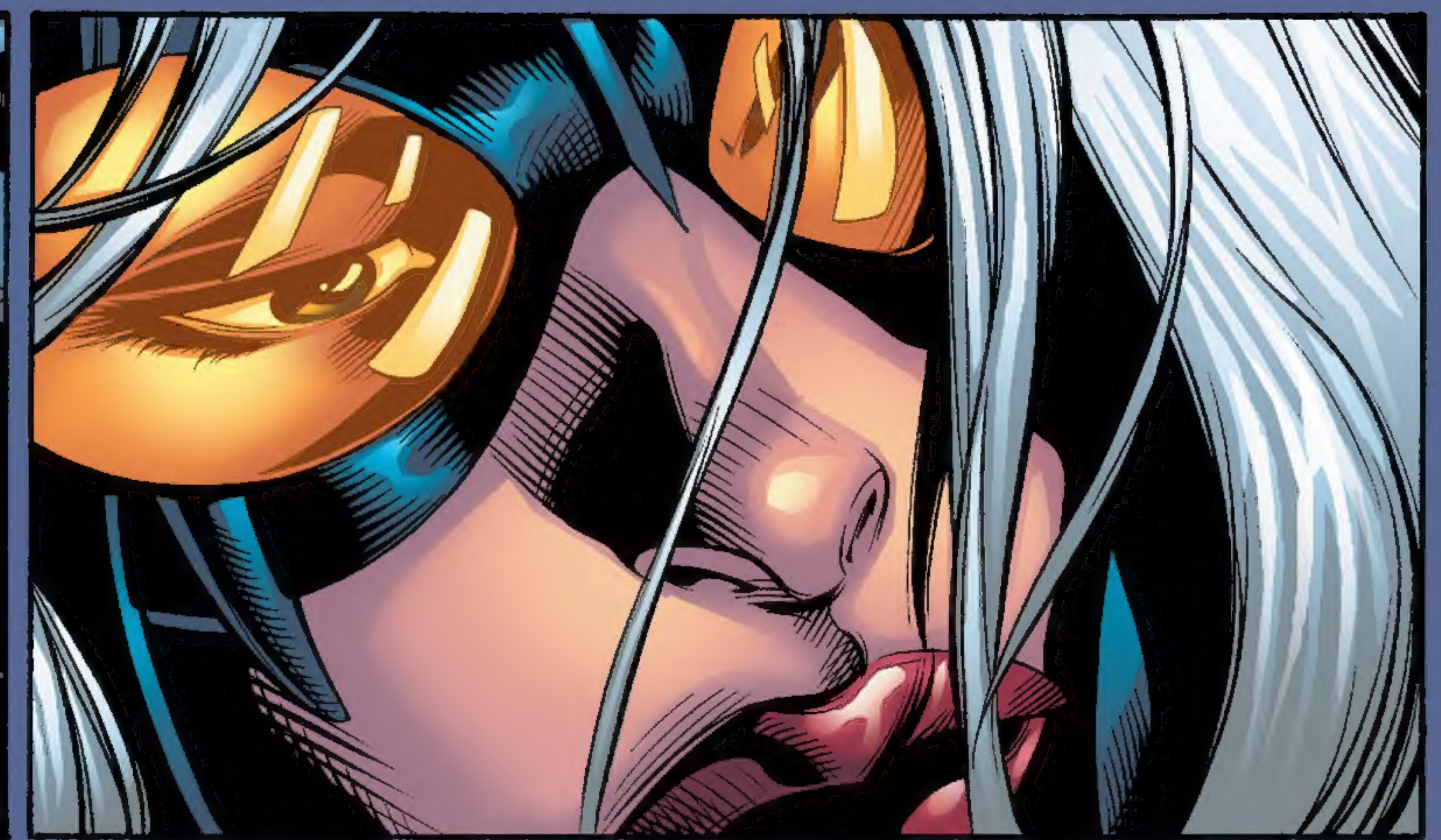
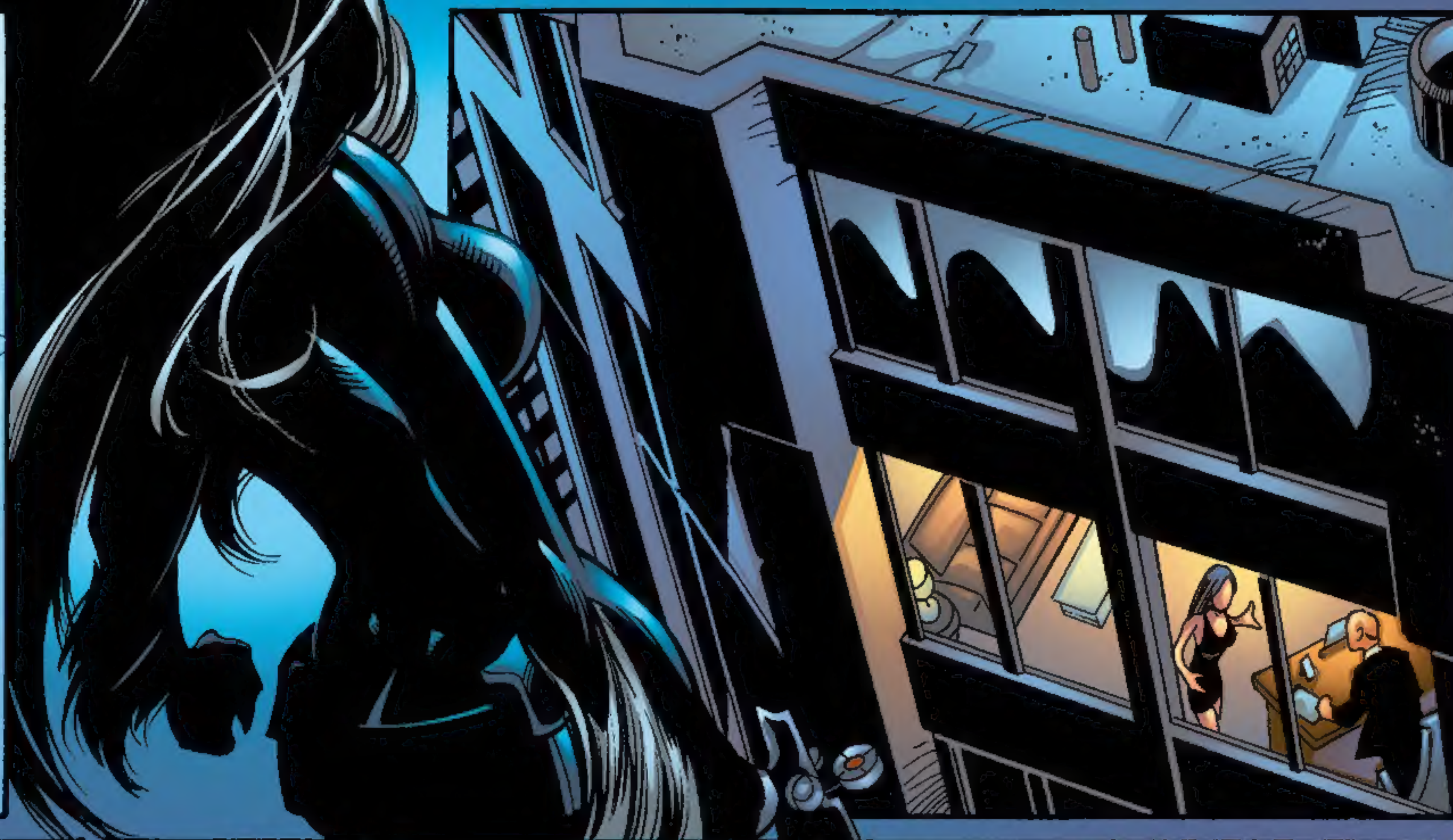
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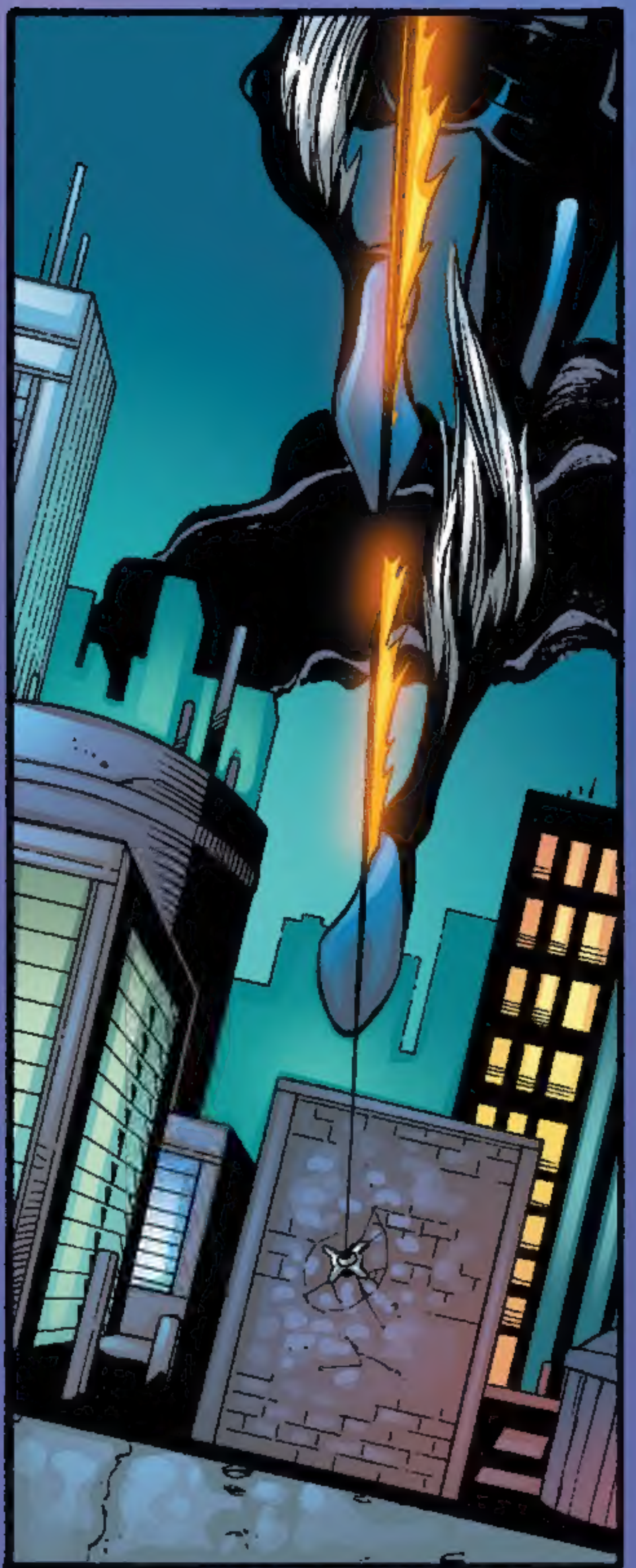
70 YEARS
MARVEL
COMICS







FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ FIZZ





Tsk, what?



The rooftop alarm.
Should we call it in?
It's the wind.
I'm calling it in.



It's the wind. Look. It wasn't even opened, it just--
It happens all the time. It's windy as #&\$%^ up there.
Oh, so those cops can roll around here and condescend to us.
Book says call it in.
The cops? Yeah, they do.
They do that?

This happened before?



Think they're all better than us.
What? They are.
They are better than us... they're cops.
Go up there and make sure it's secure.
Up where?
The roof.
The roof?
Go check it out.



Go check it out all the way on the roof?
It's an elevator ride. You're not climbing the side of the building.
Why me?
You need the experience.
Are you serious?



Meeting's over.
You suck.
Shh. Reading.

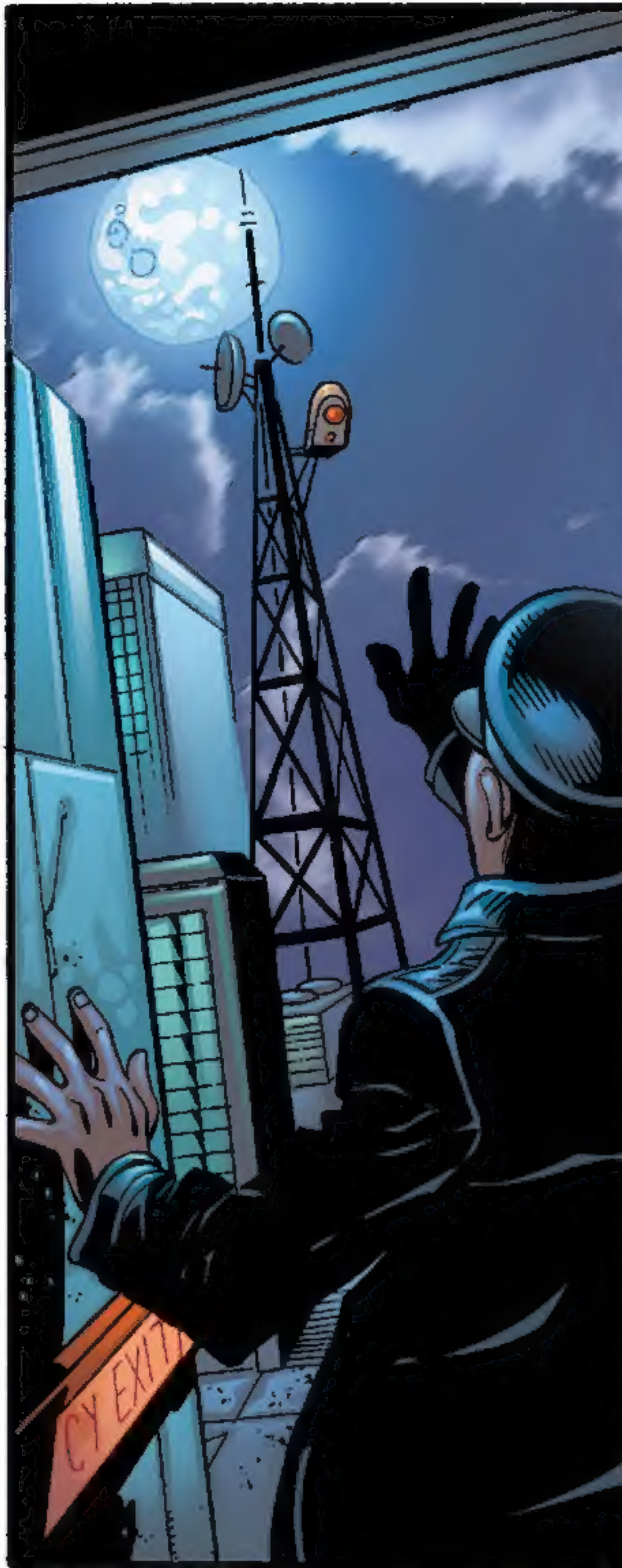


Condescend to me? You're the one condescending to everyone, man...

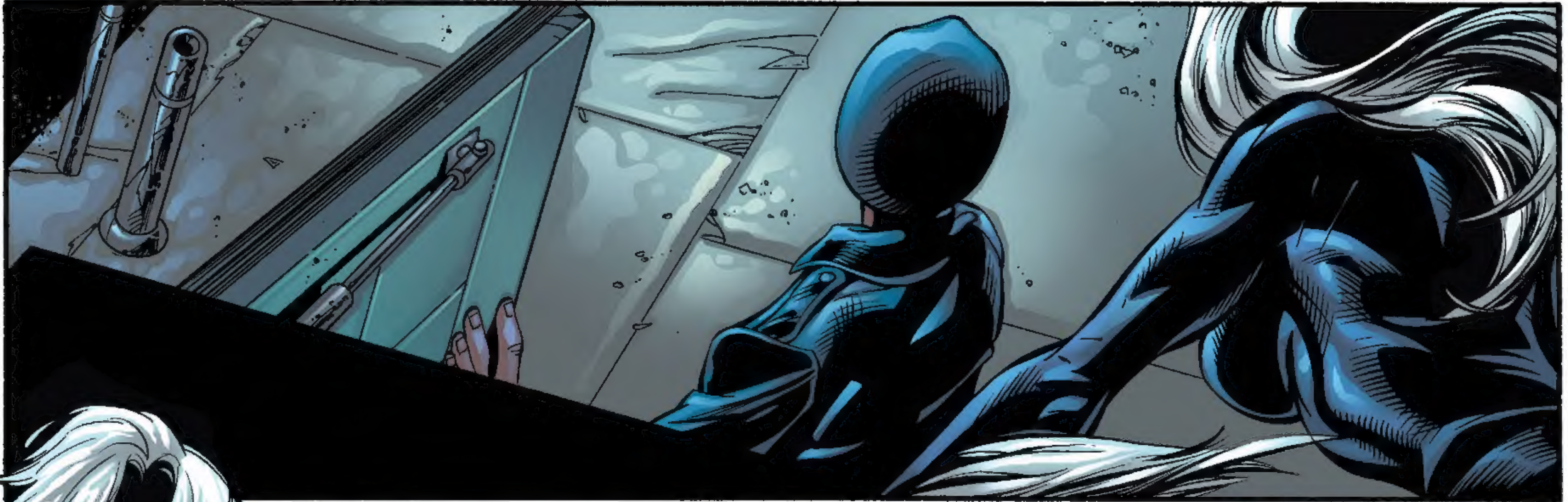


Make me come all the way up here to look at a door...

CLICK
CLACK



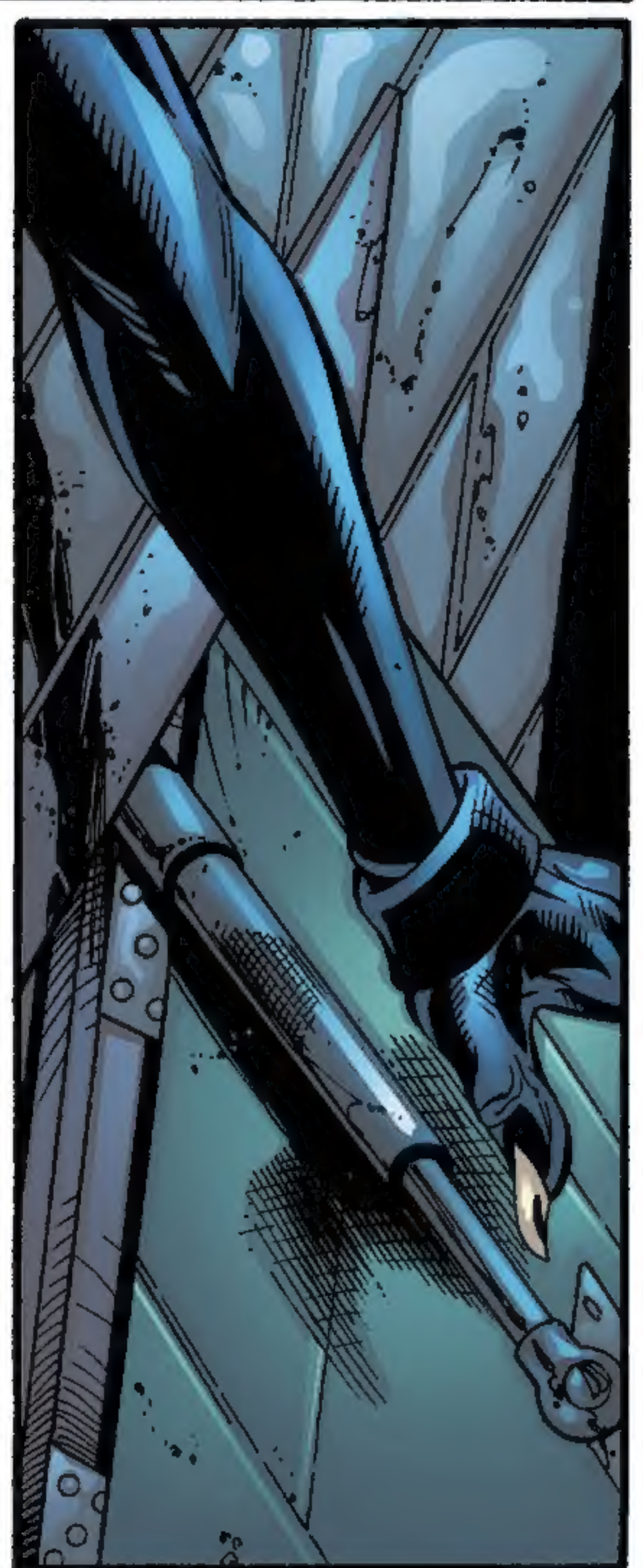
Goofball.

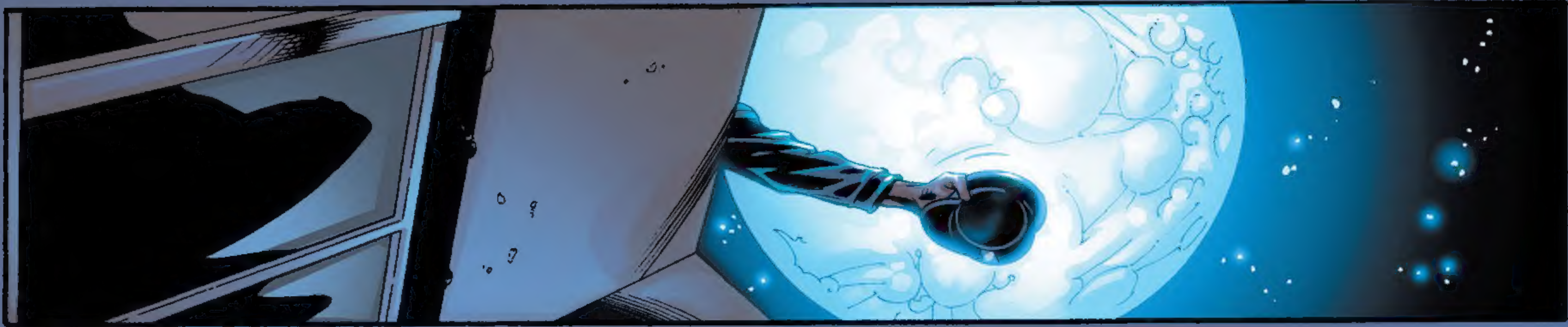


My hat!!

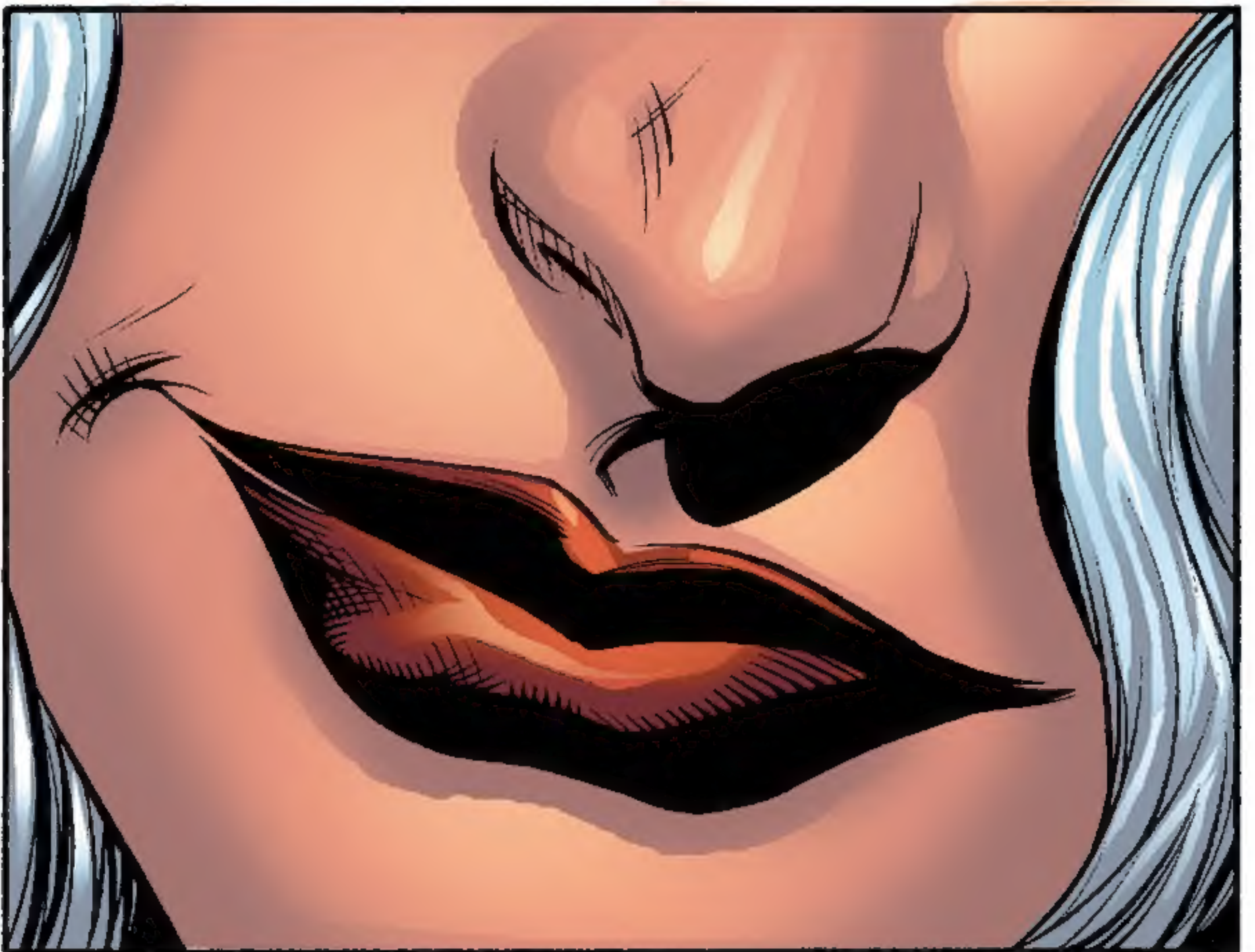
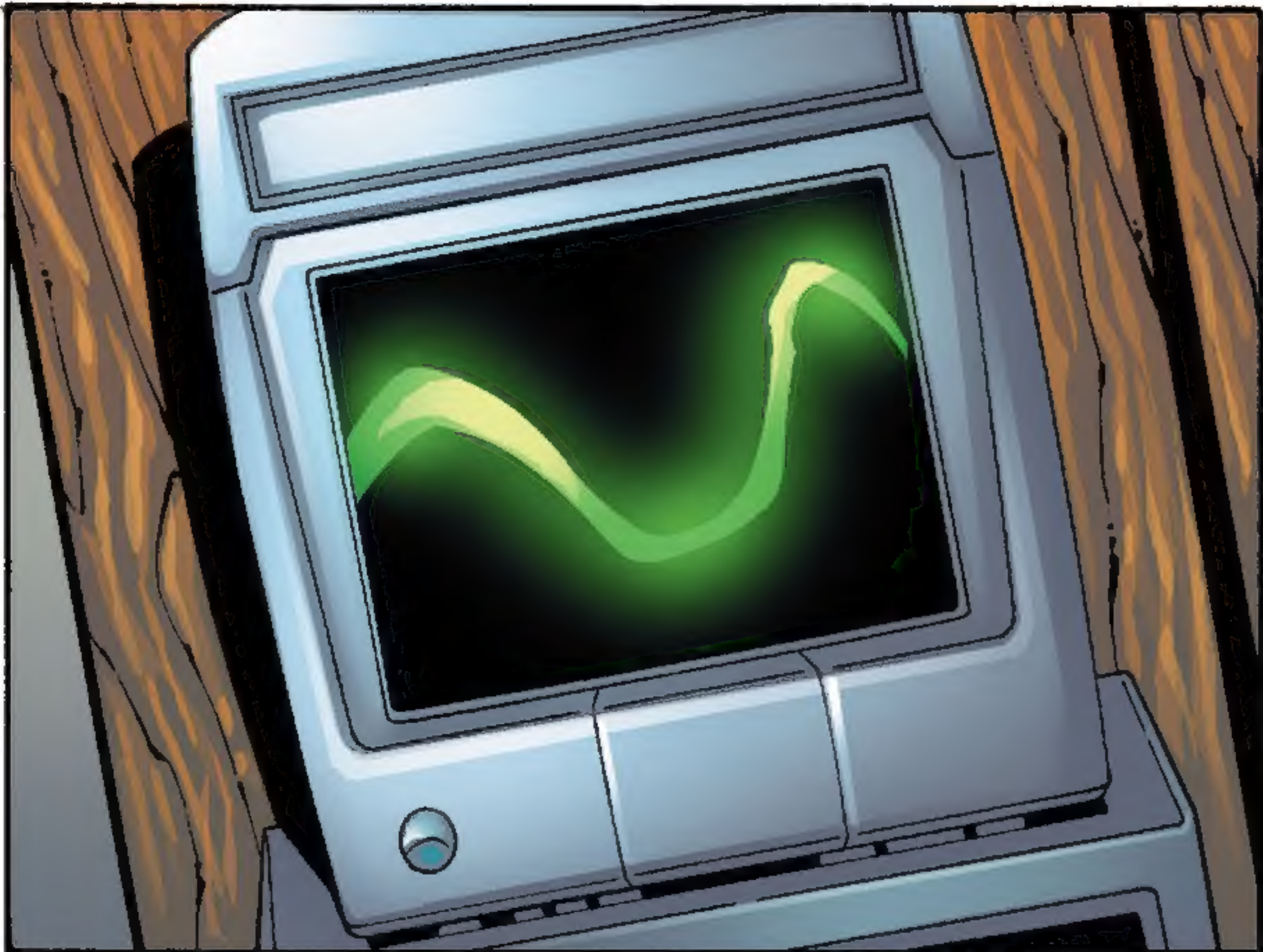
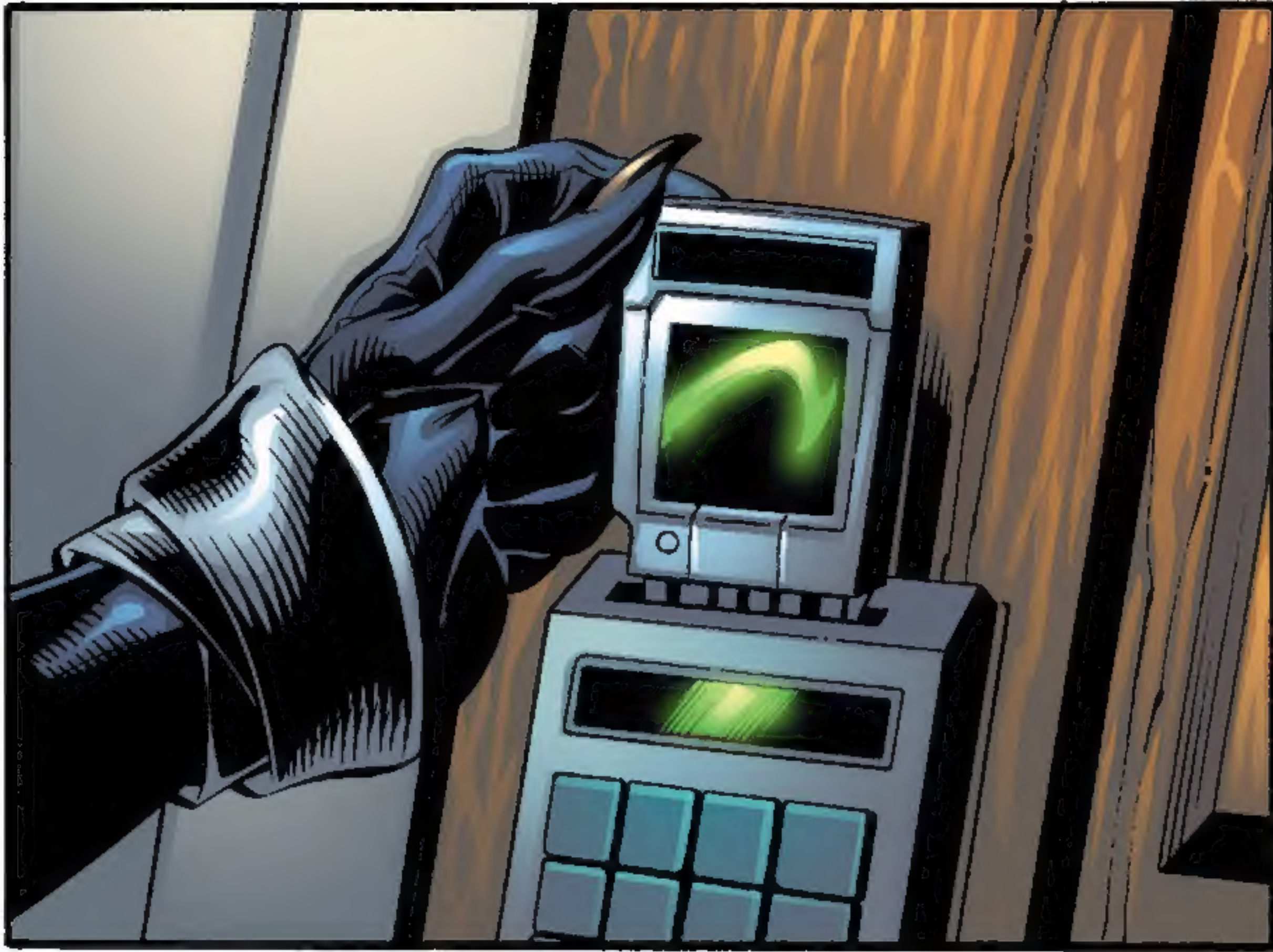
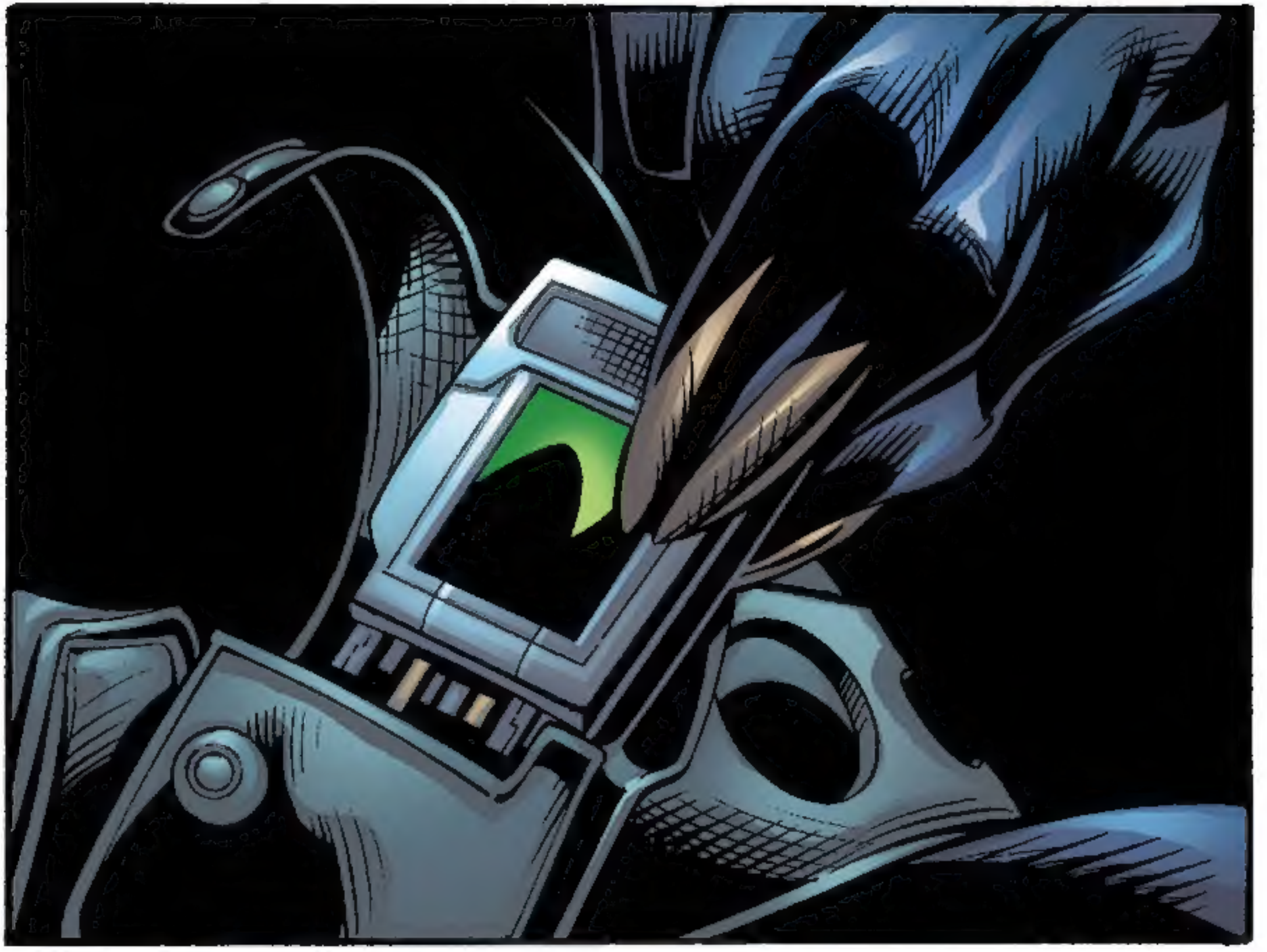


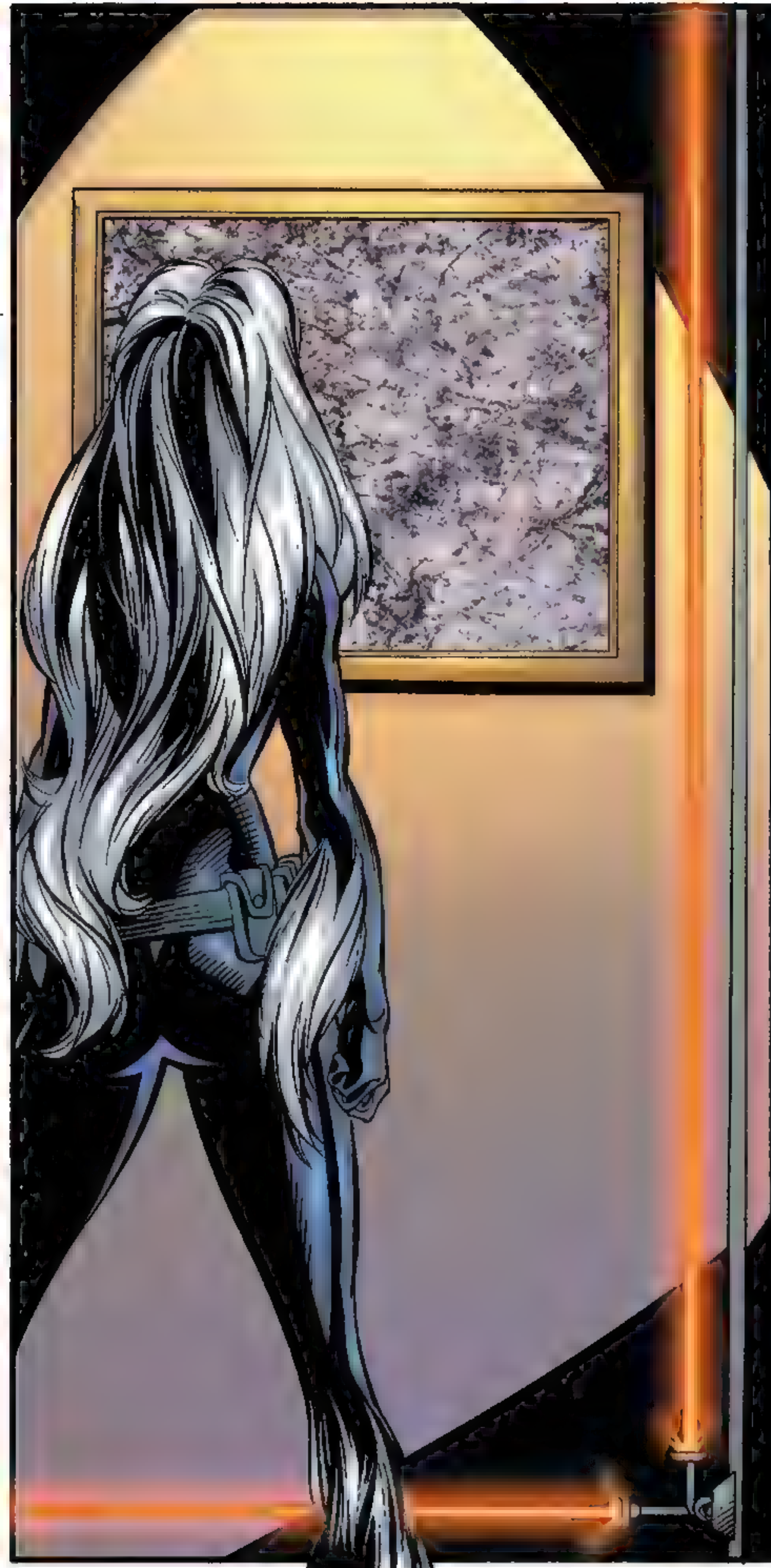
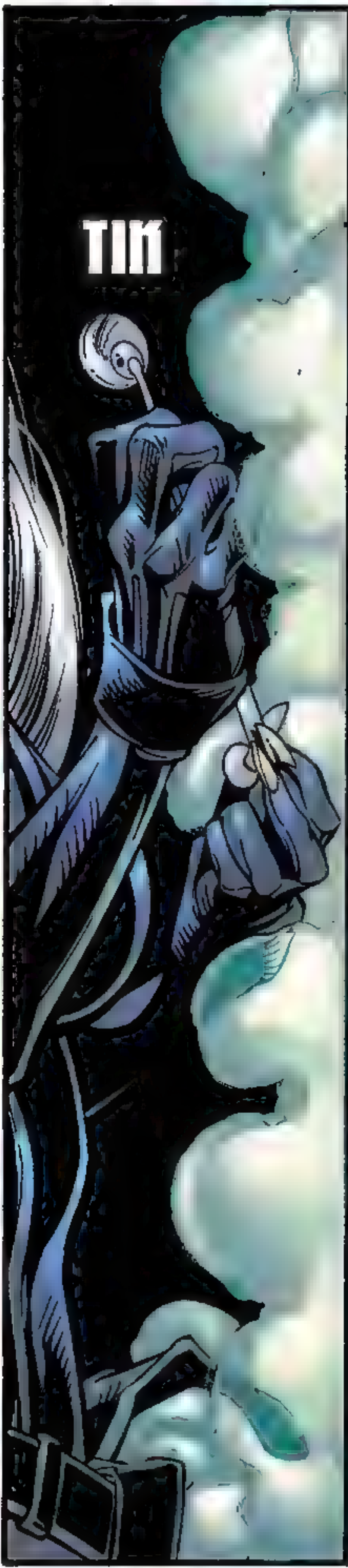
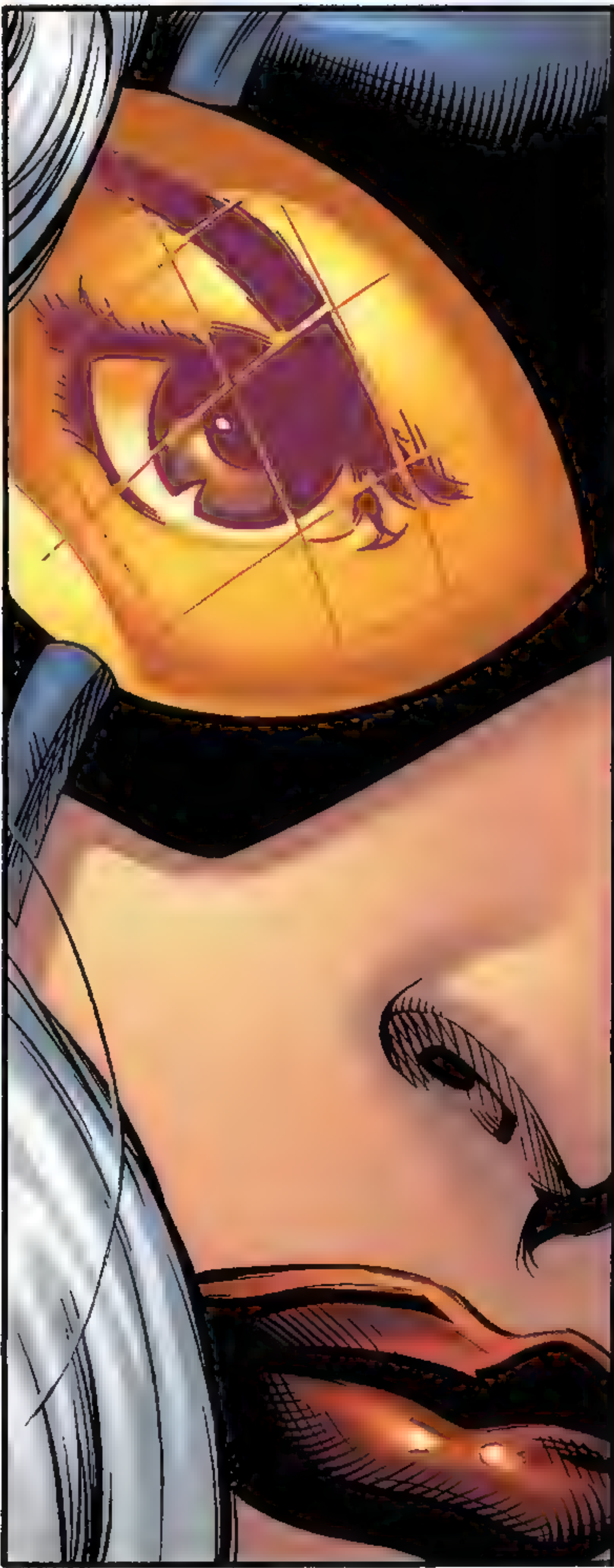
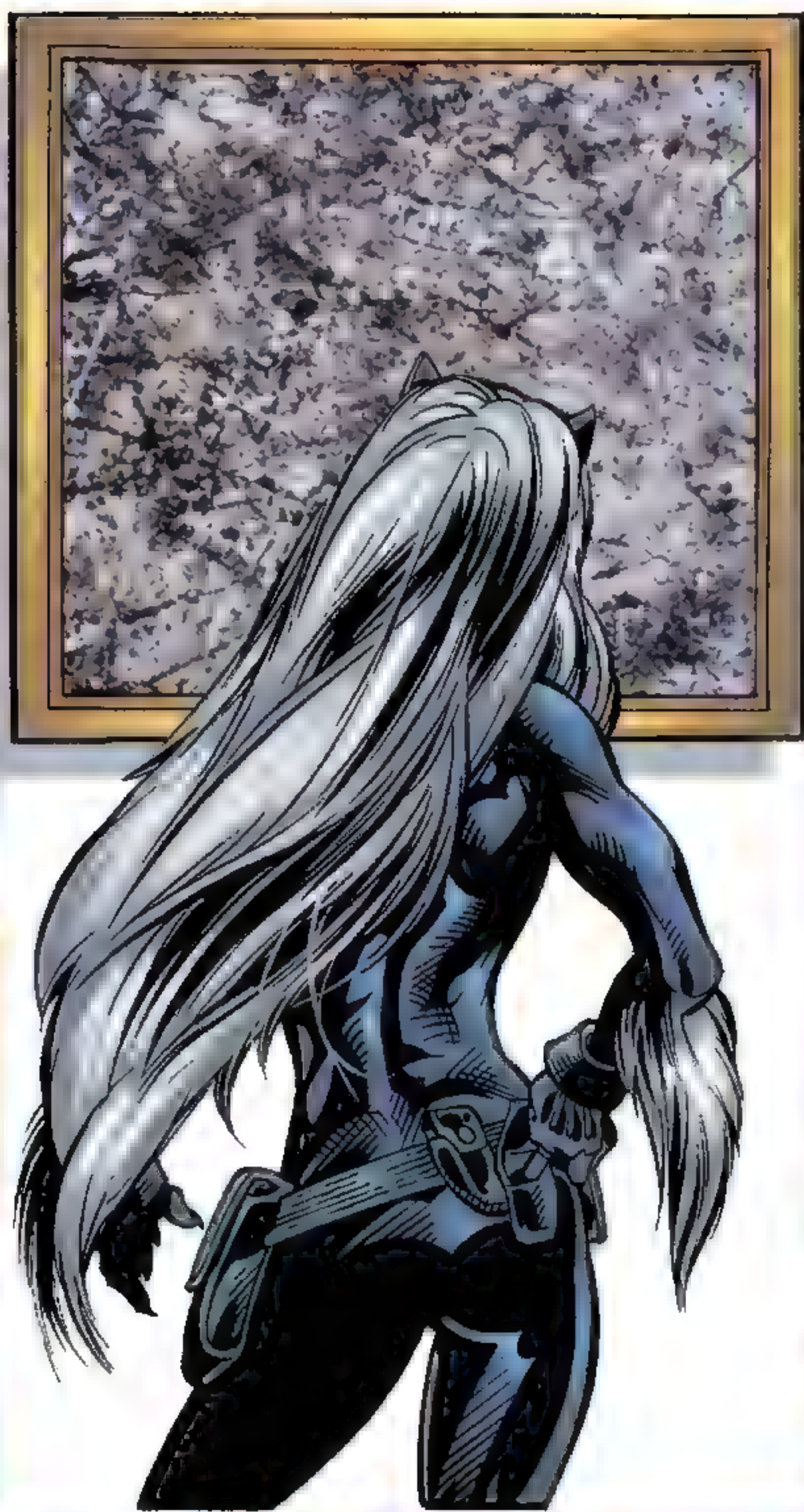
Come on! Come on!!

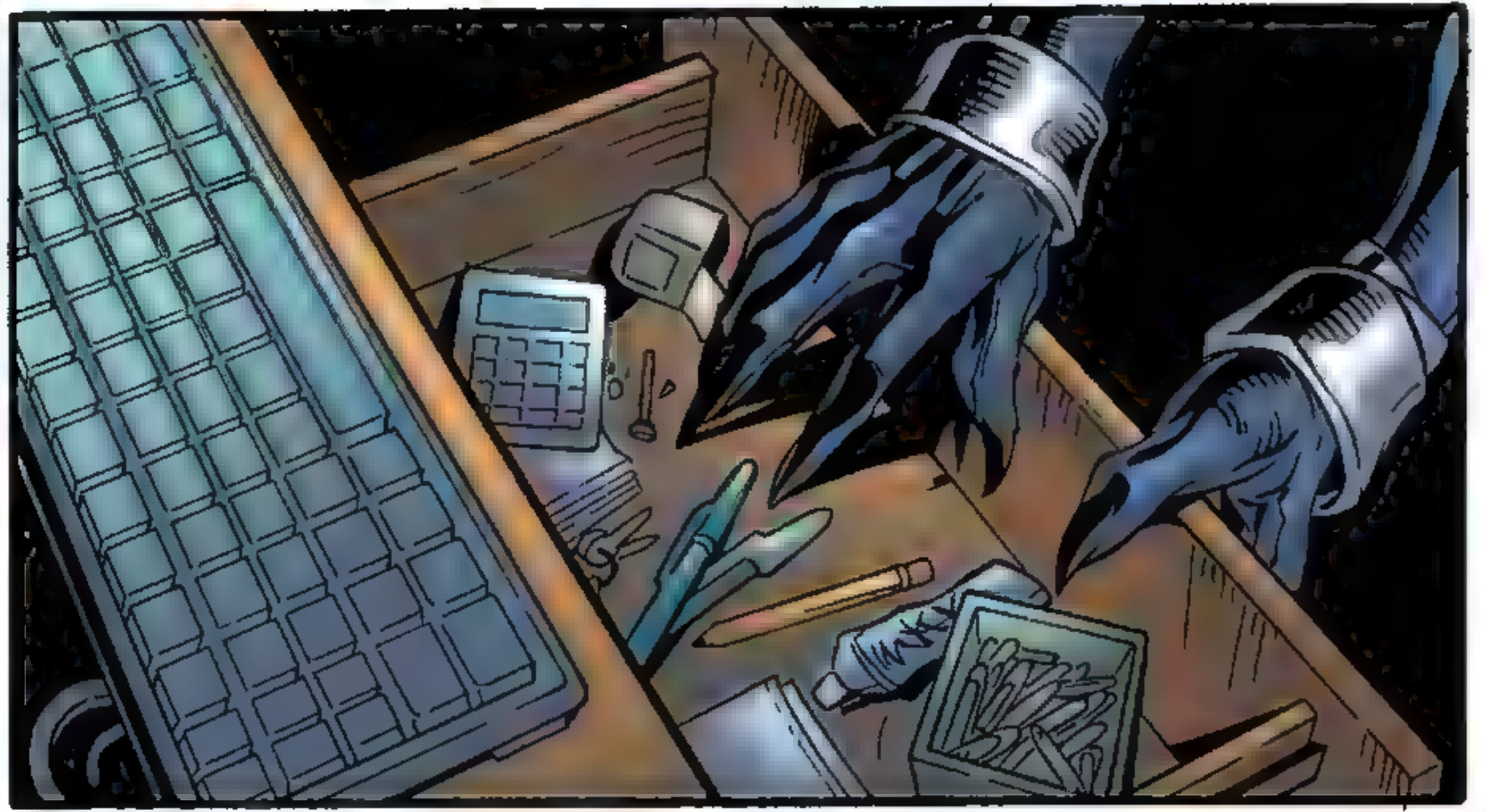
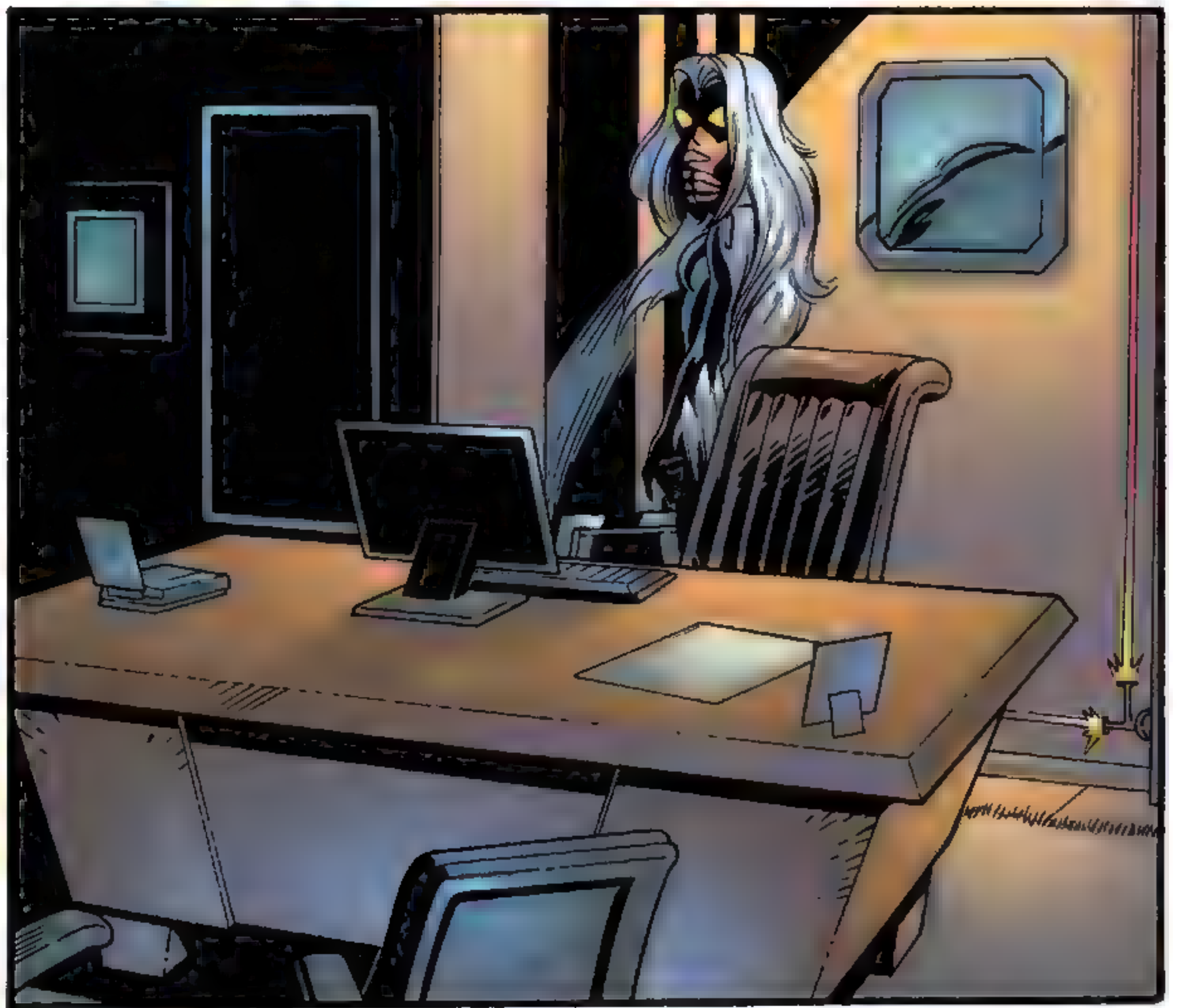
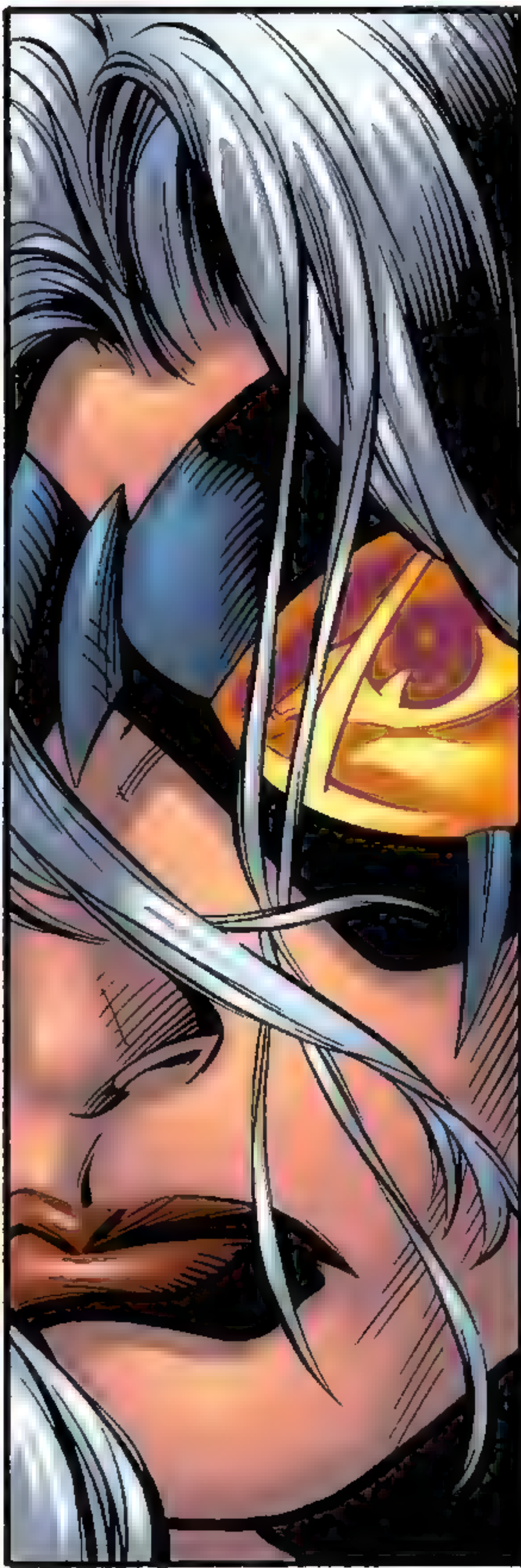
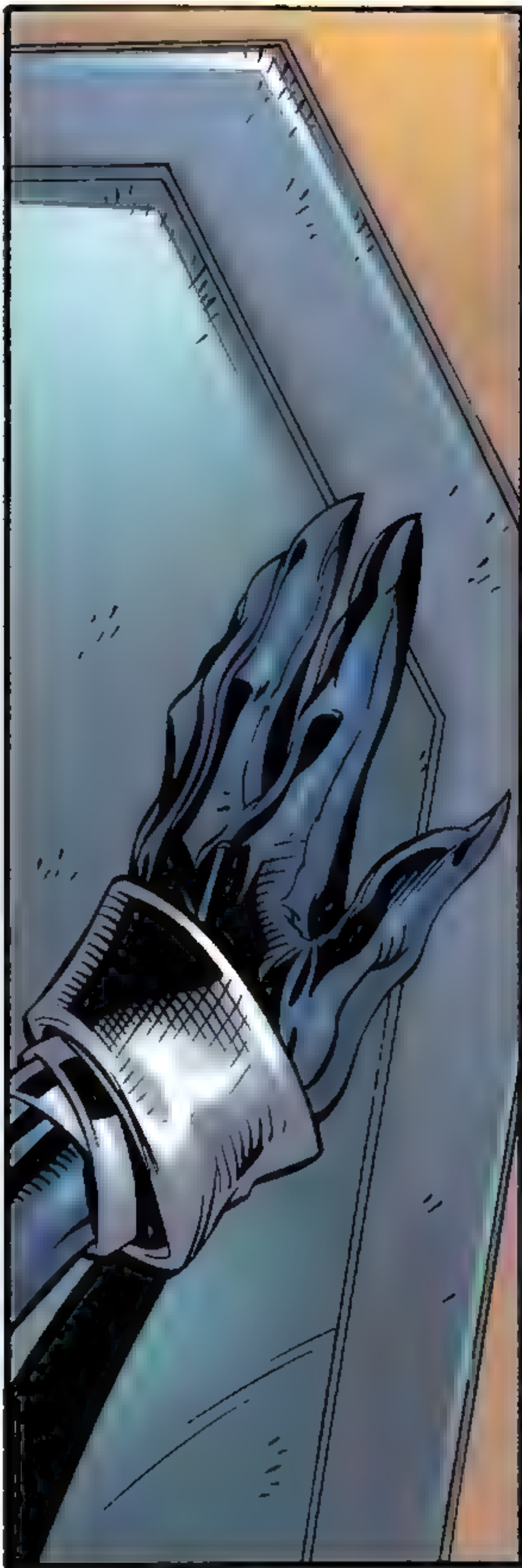
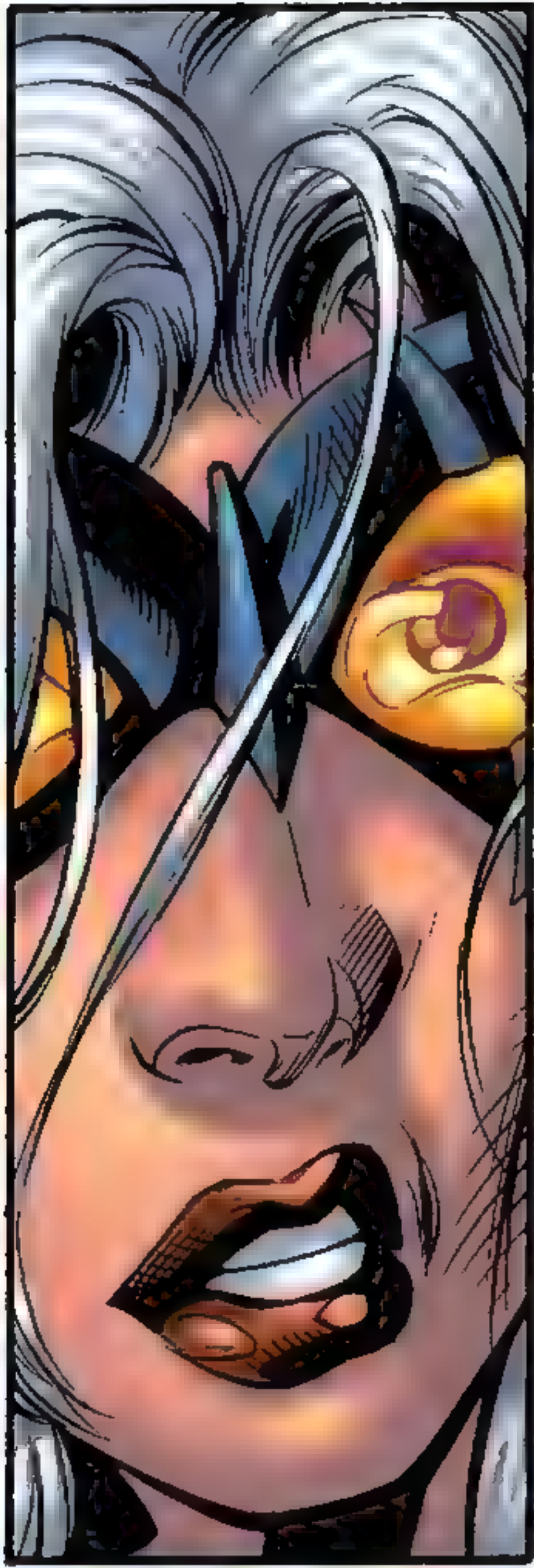


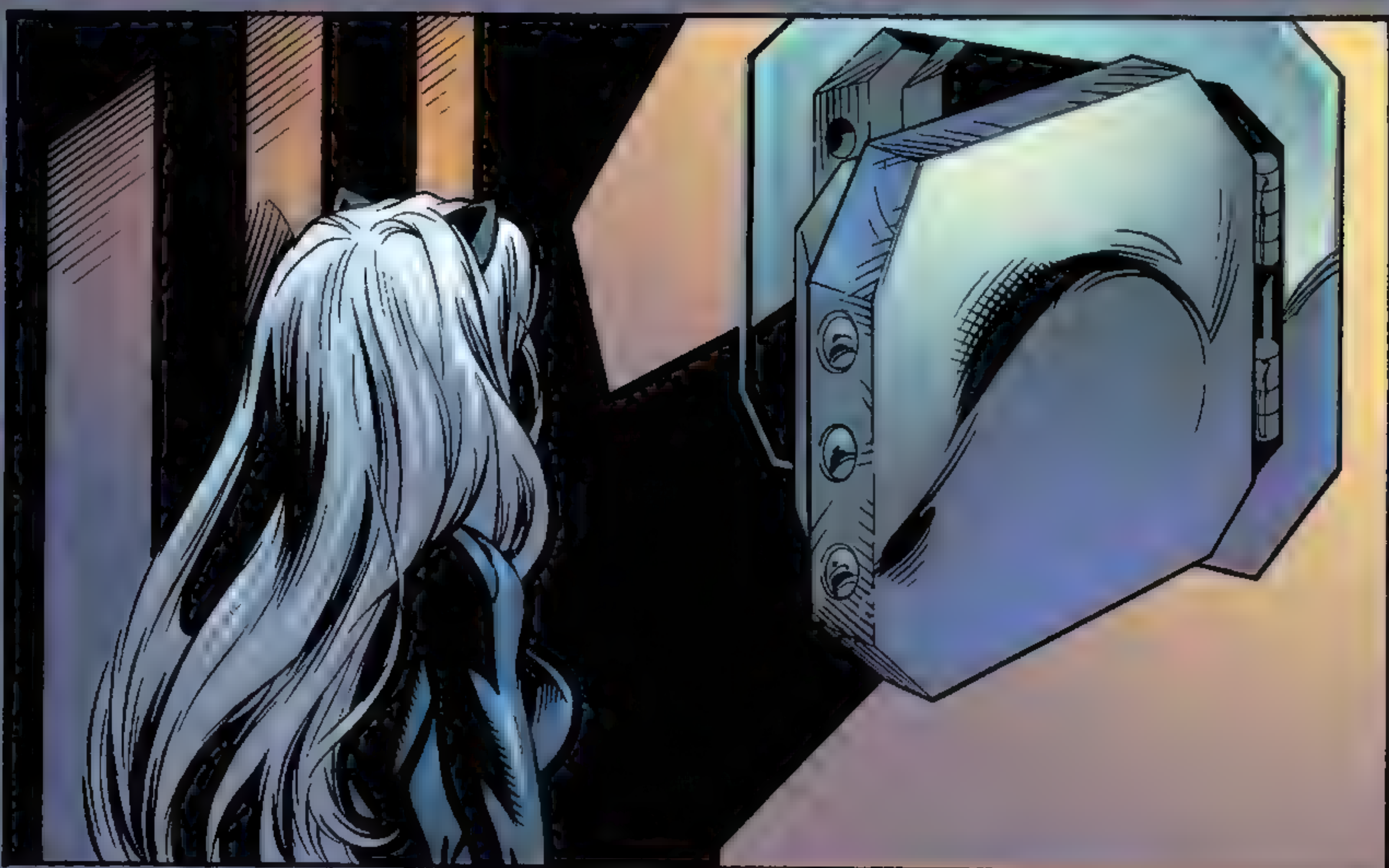
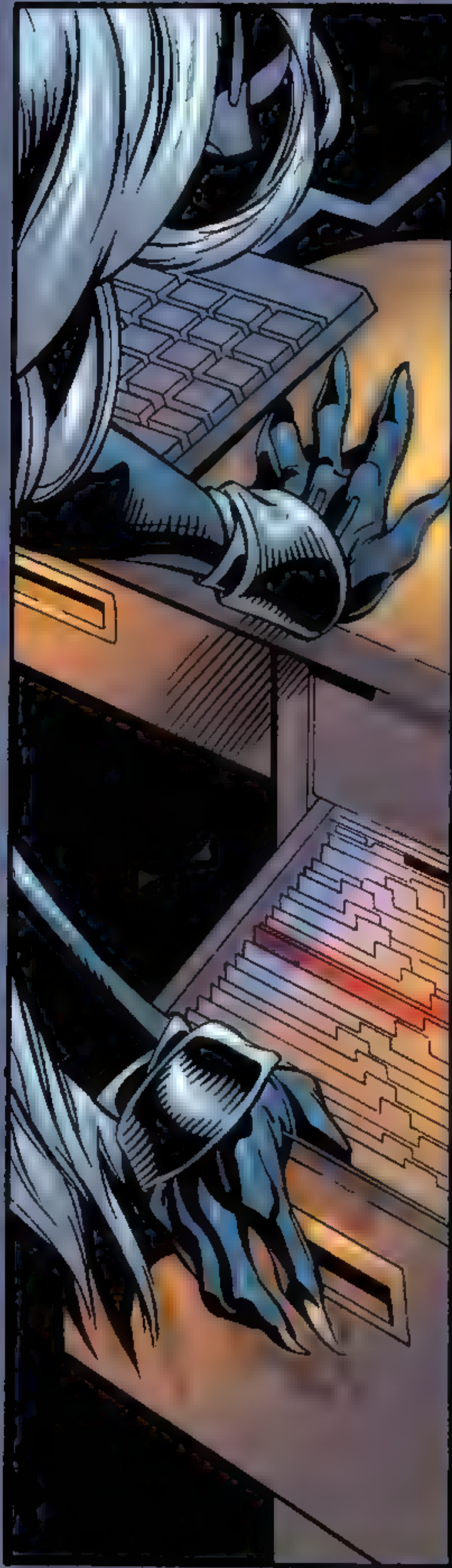


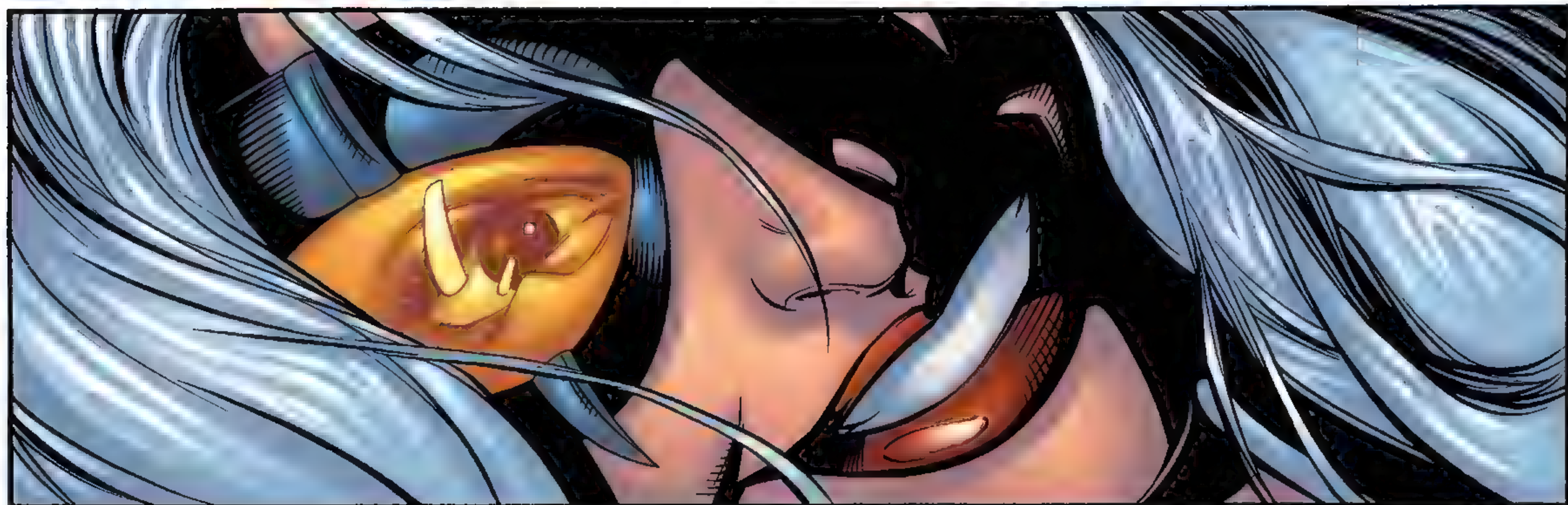
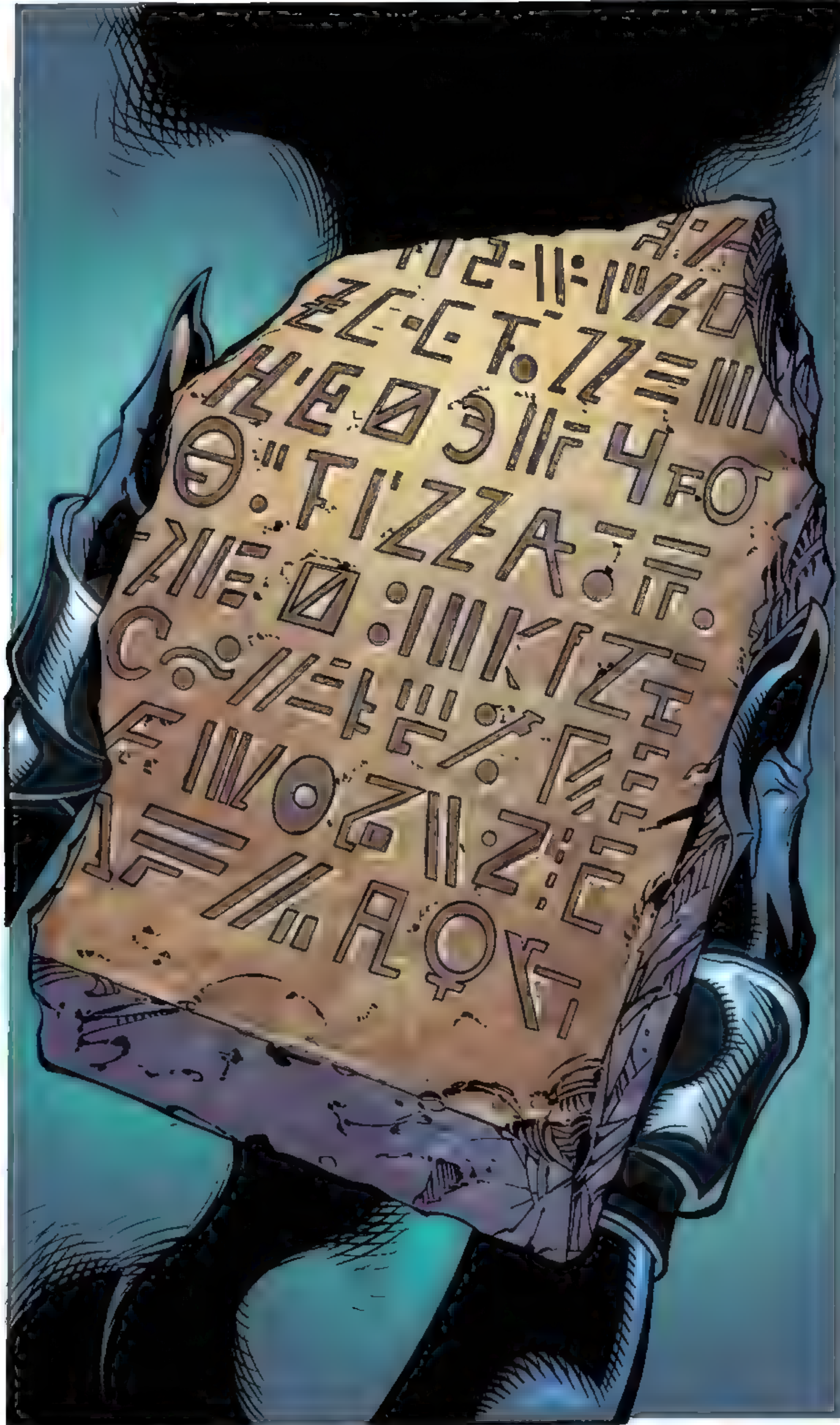
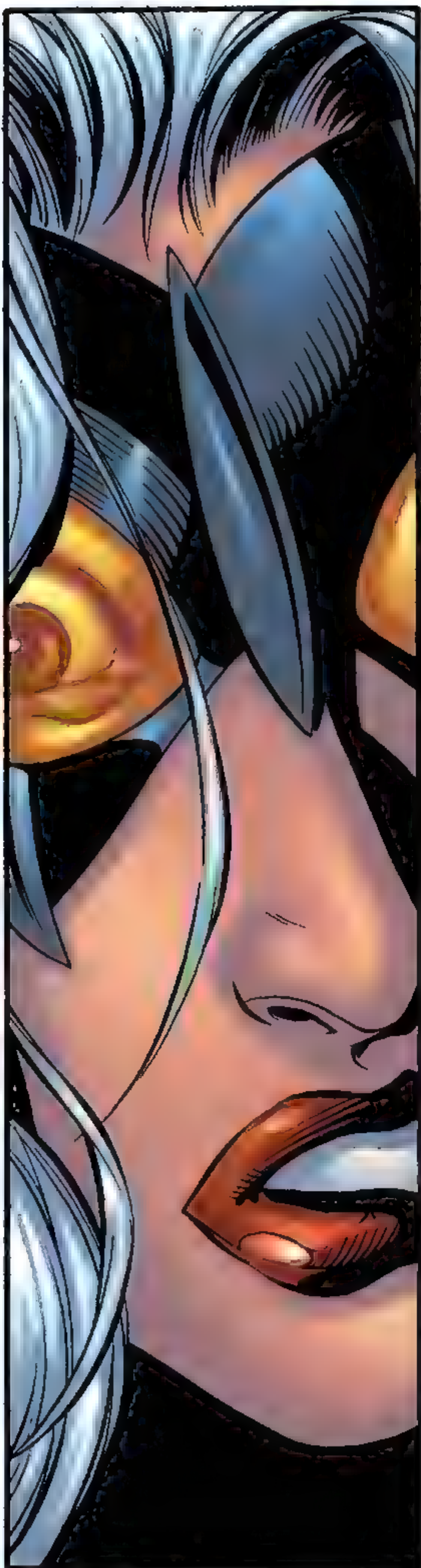
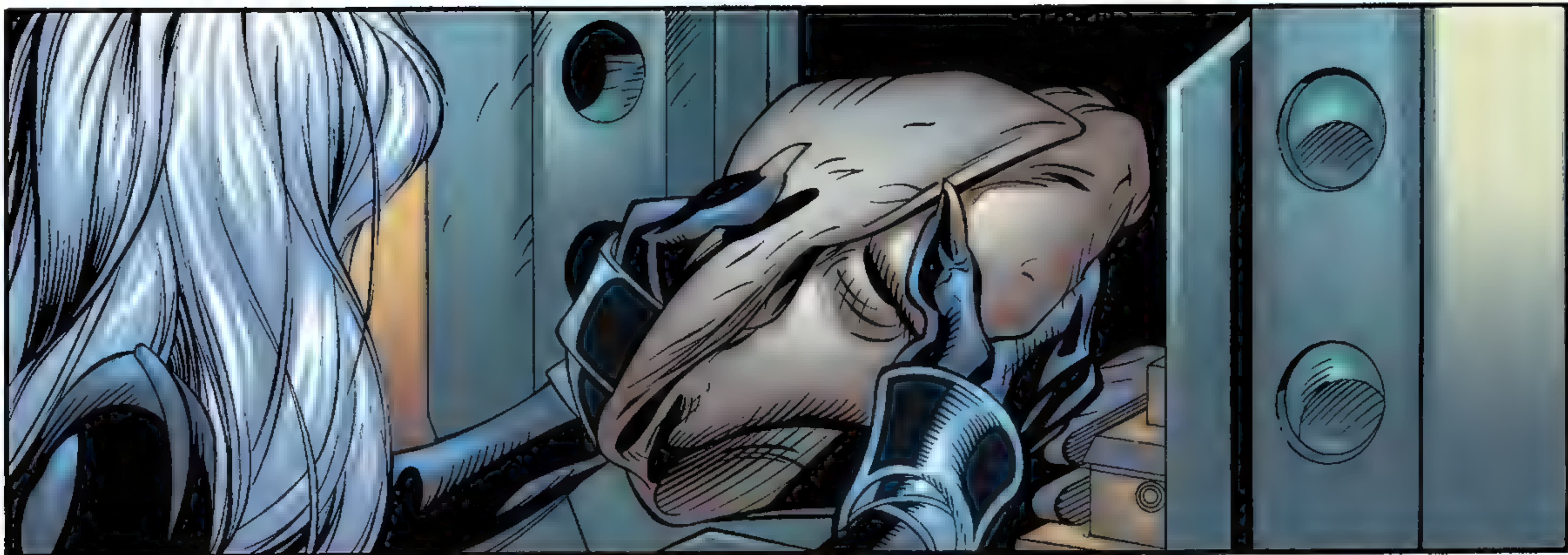














See?
See?

Oh,
man!

There's a
door open.
Something's
going on.
Someone's
in there.

Sssh!!

Let's
call it
in.

Sssh!!



Hello?

Sssh!!



There's
no one
here.

Shh!
Look.

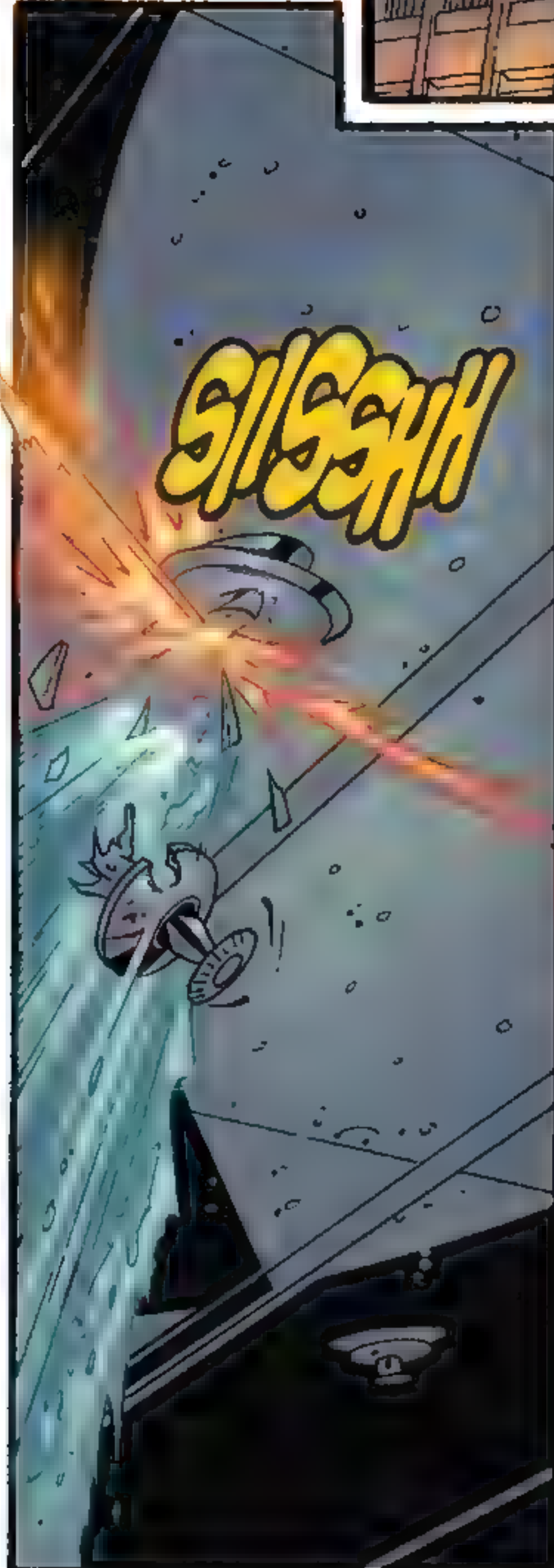
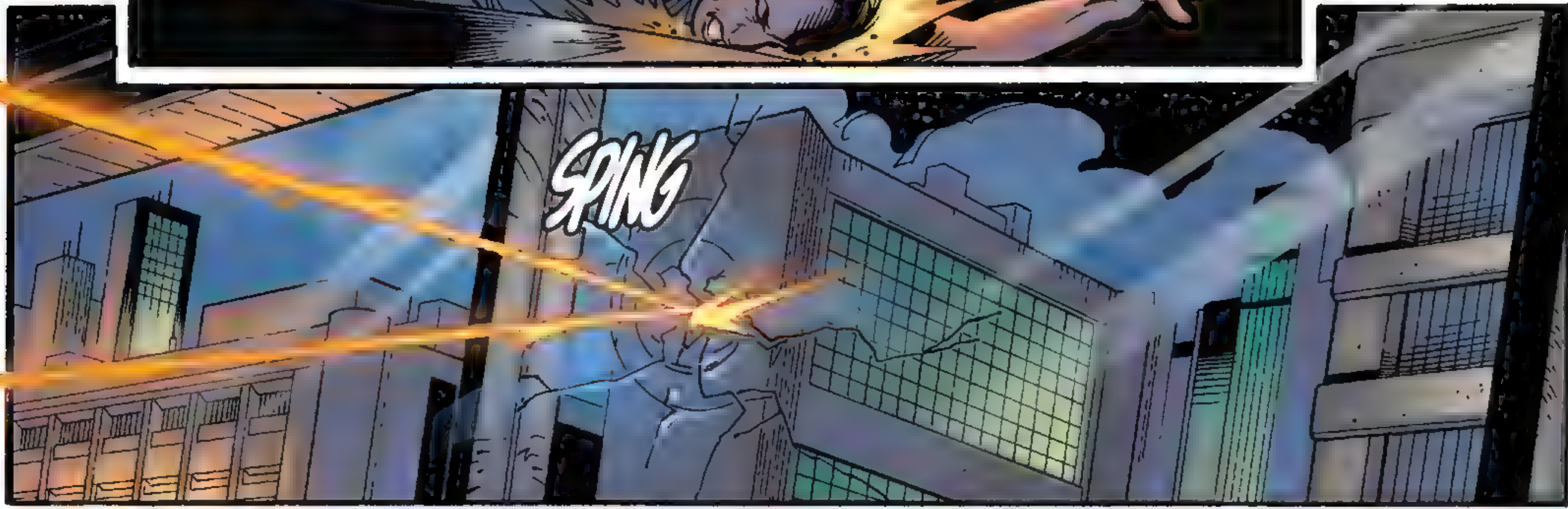
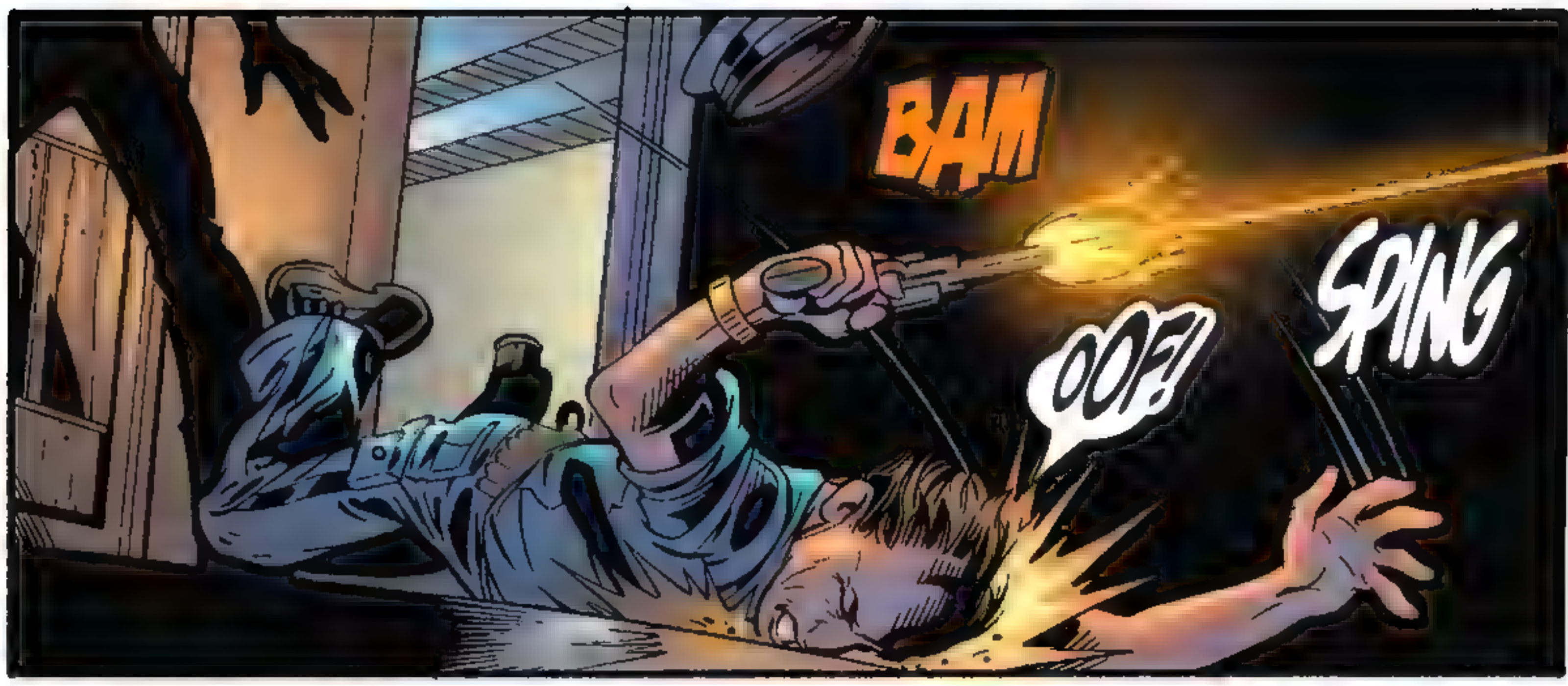


Oh, man!!
Oh, man!!
There's-- oh,
man.

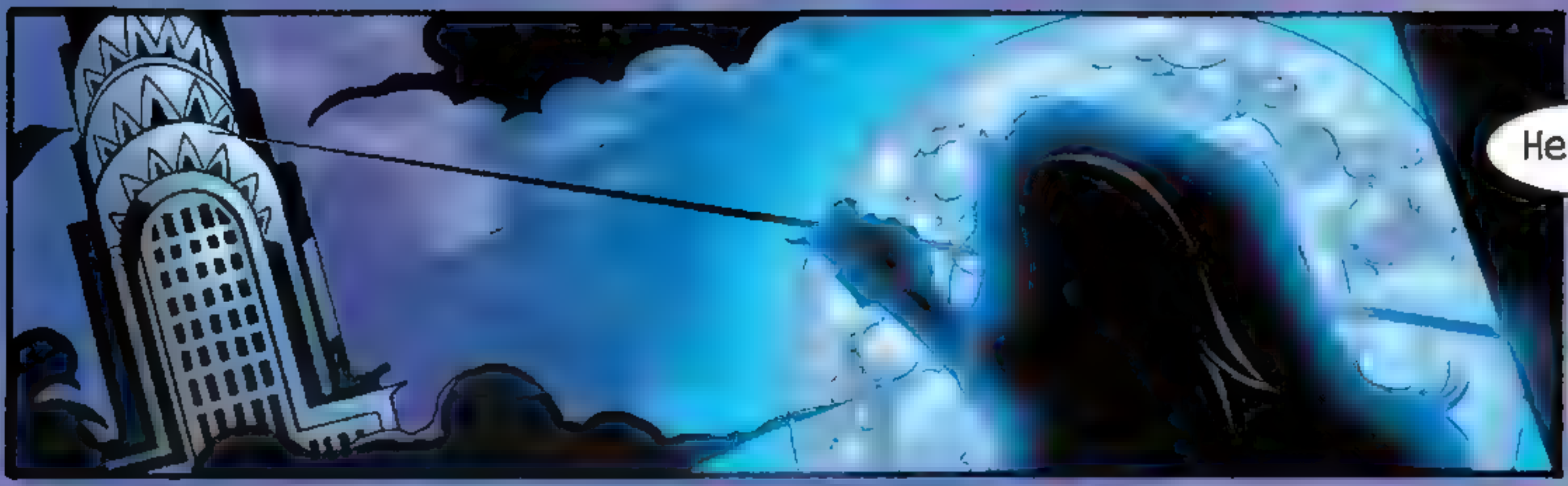


Sssh!!
I mean
it!!



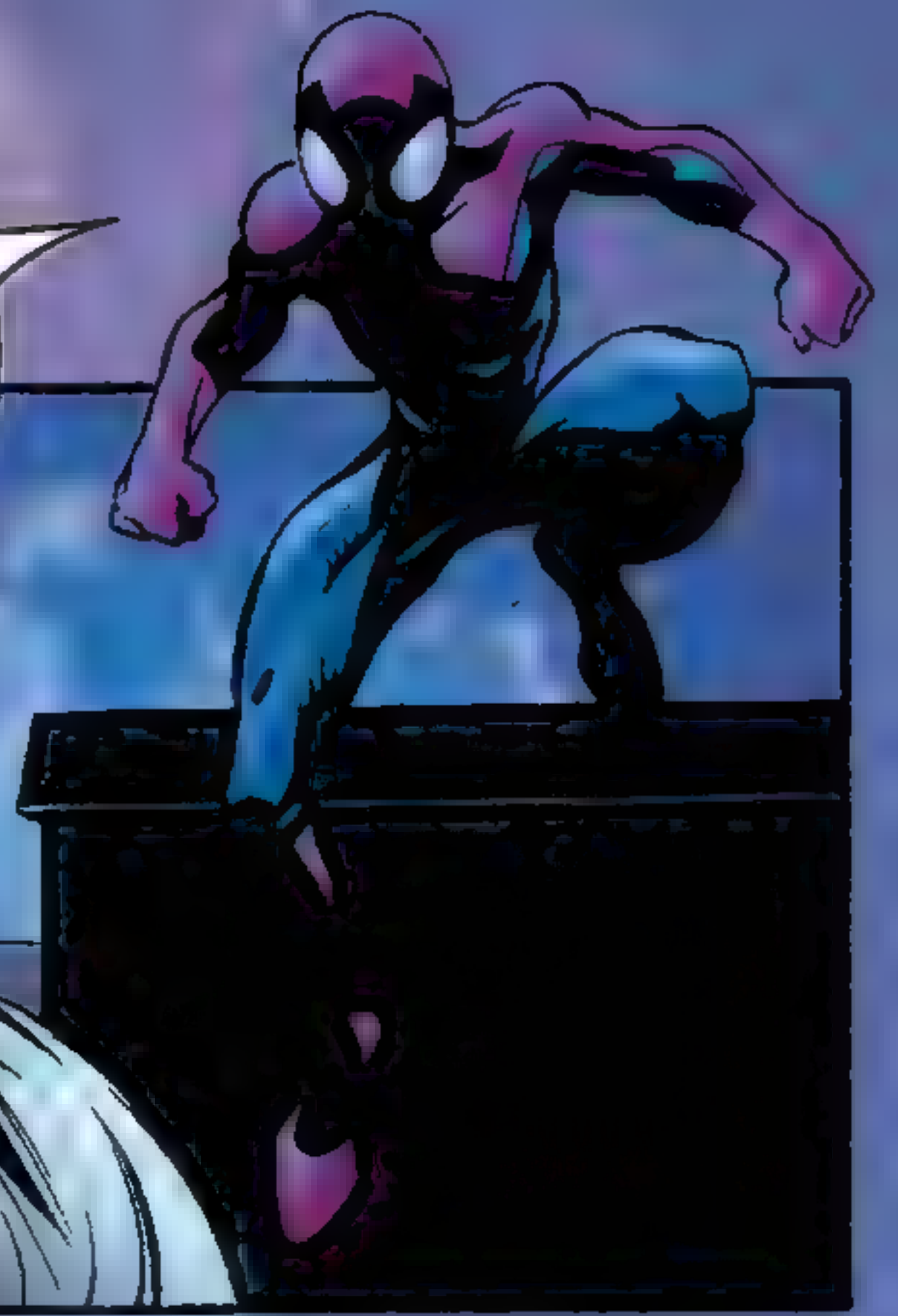


Almost shot me!!



Hey, uh...

...what exactly are you doing?

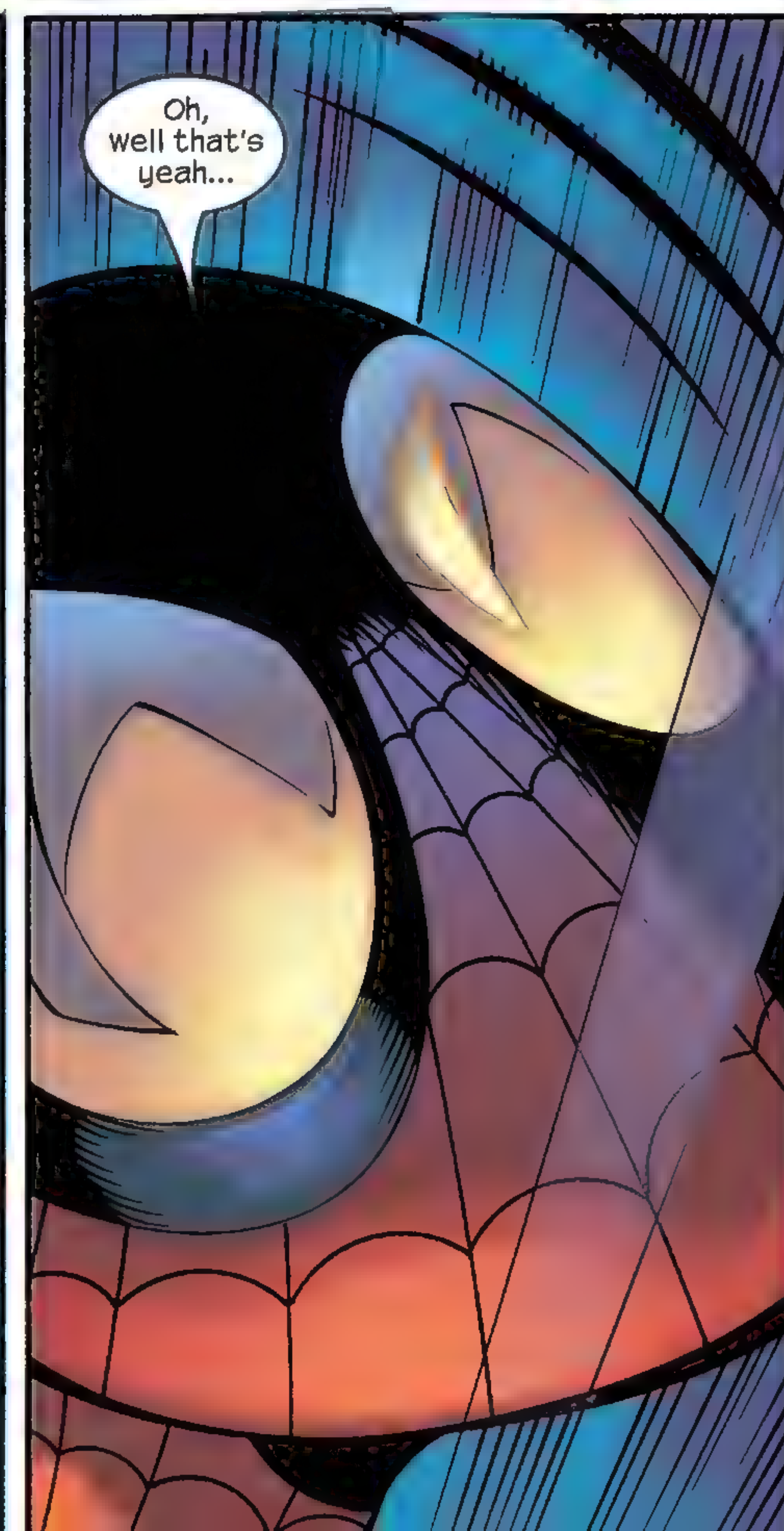
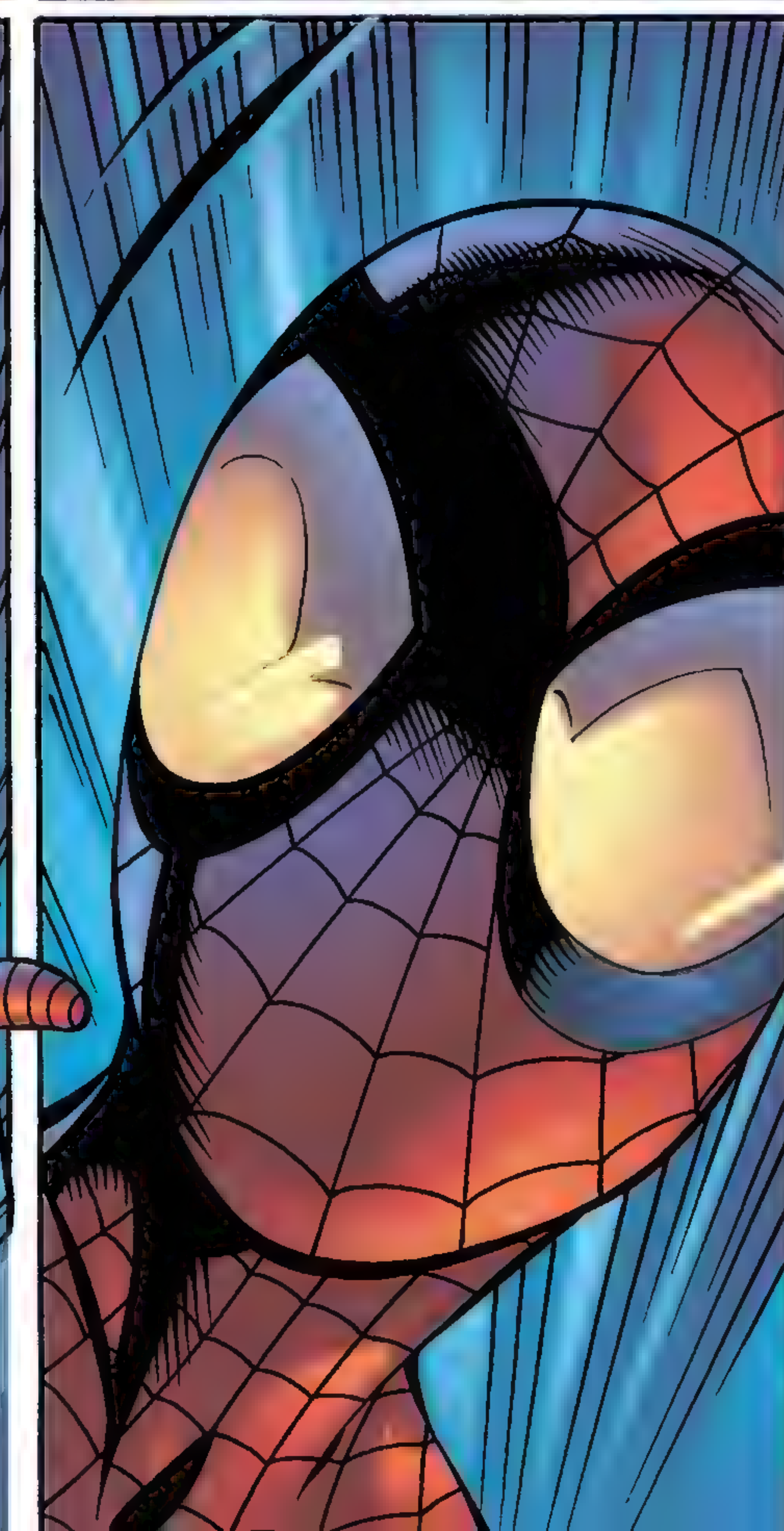
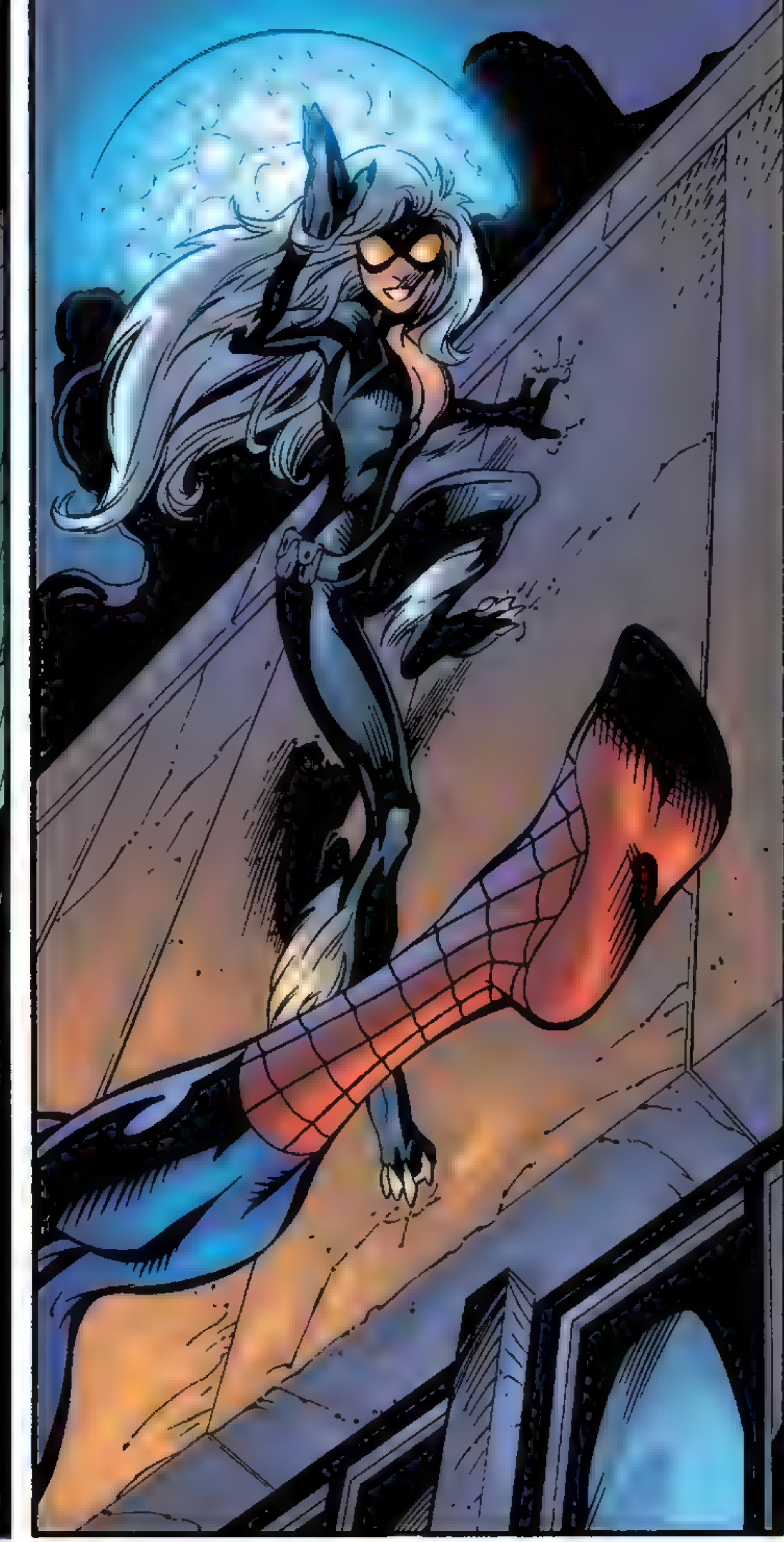
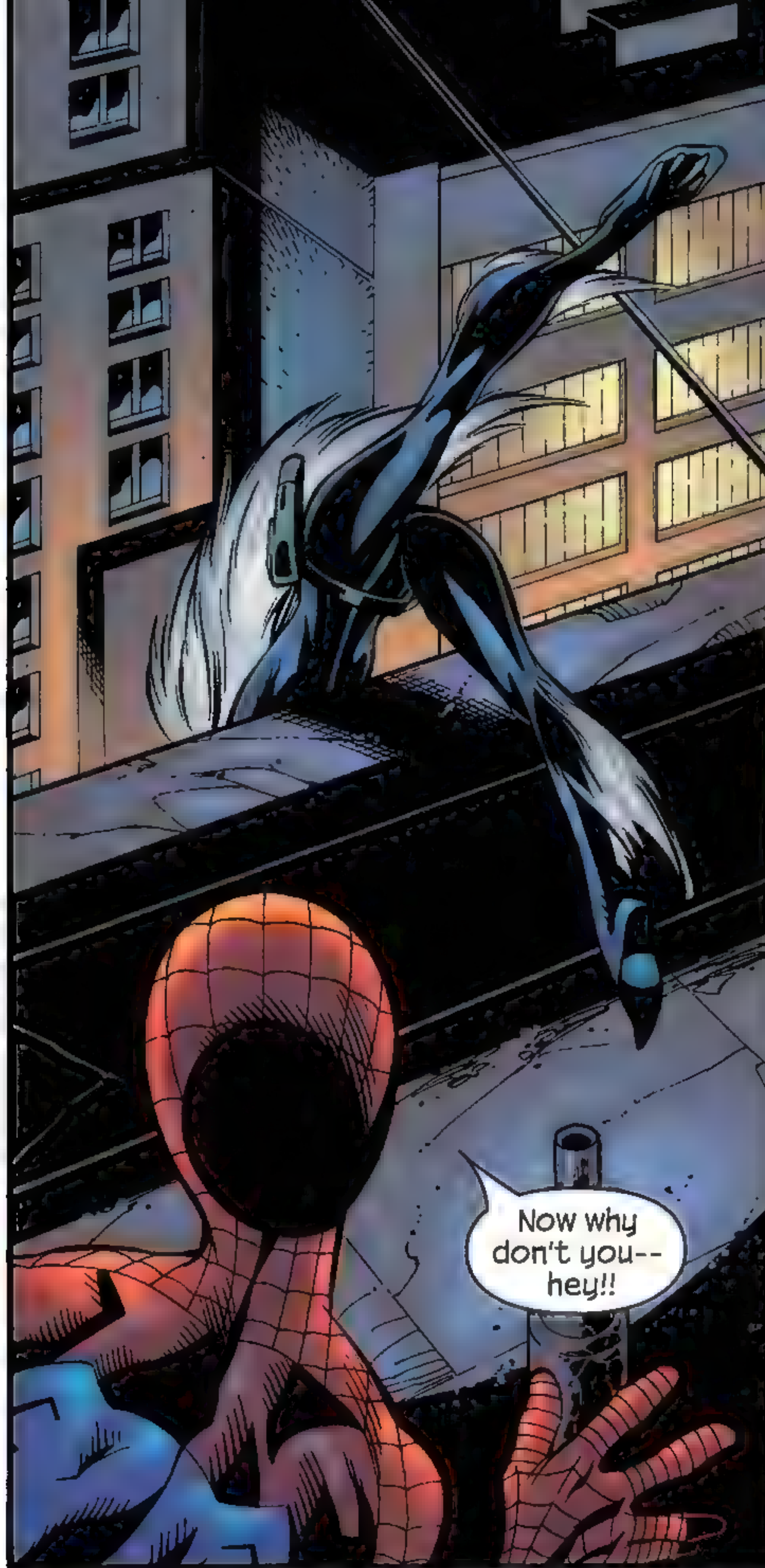


(Wow..)

You...

...are a considerable step up from the *usual* riffraff I find sneaking around the rooftops in the middle of the night.







Oh, man, you wouldn't *believe* what almost just happened.

There I am in mid-air, almost gonna *die* and then I remembered I had spider powers and I *saved* myself!!

Just in time to *thank* you for almost getting me *killed* trying to save *you* from getting killed...



Only *you* didn't almost get killed, I--



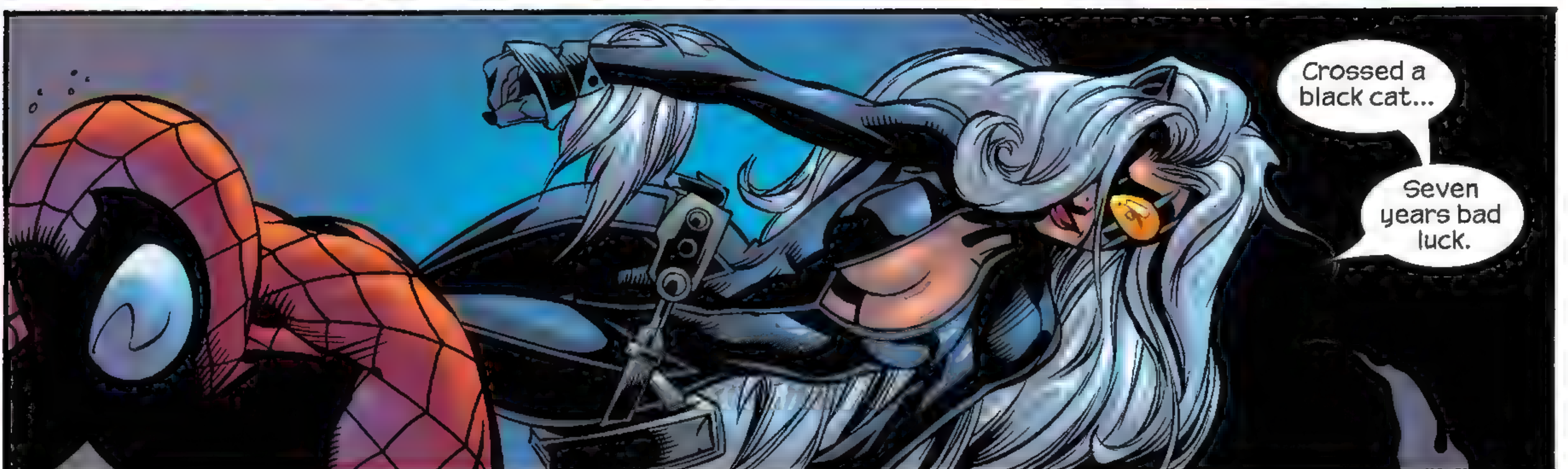
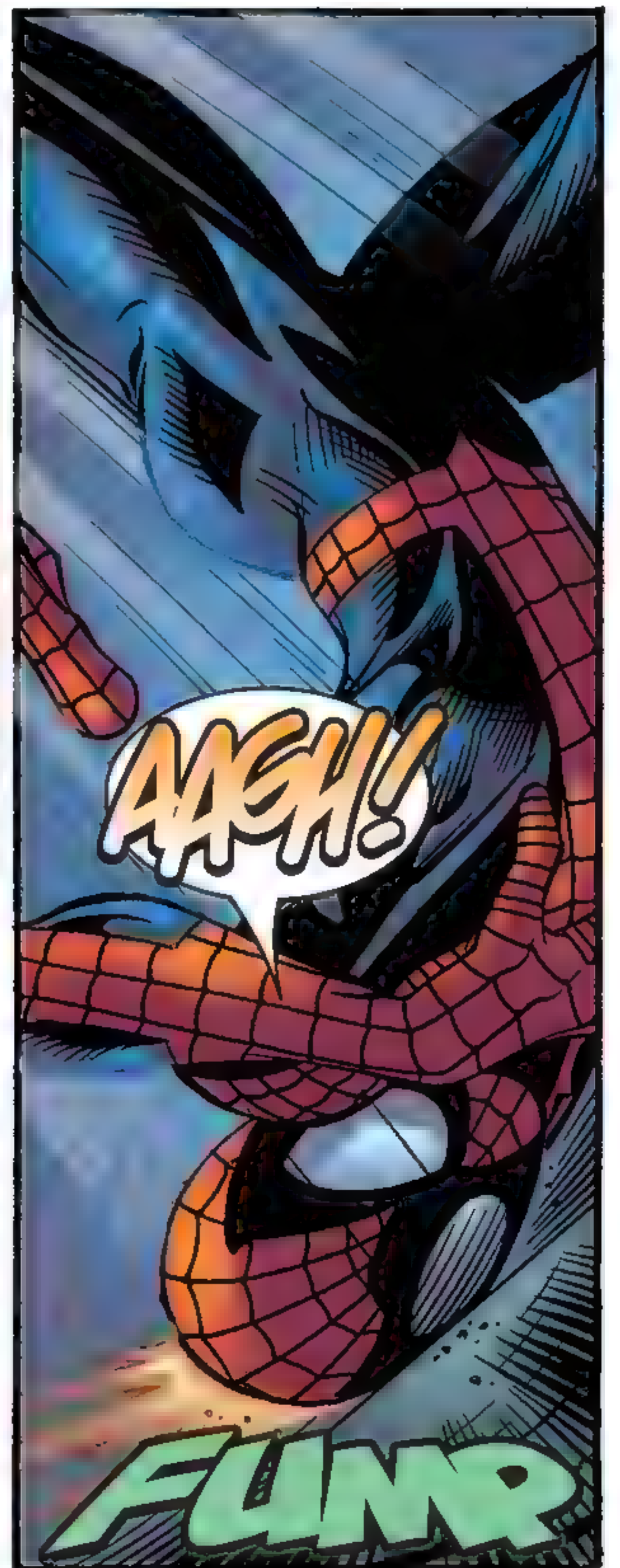
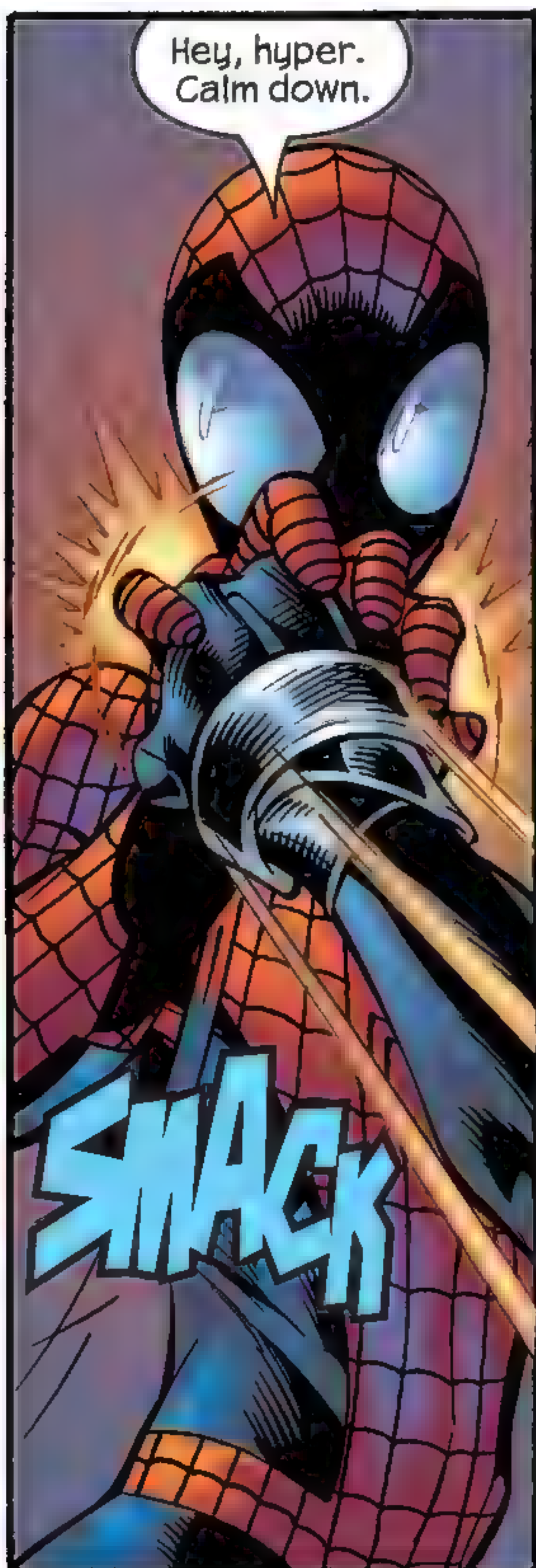
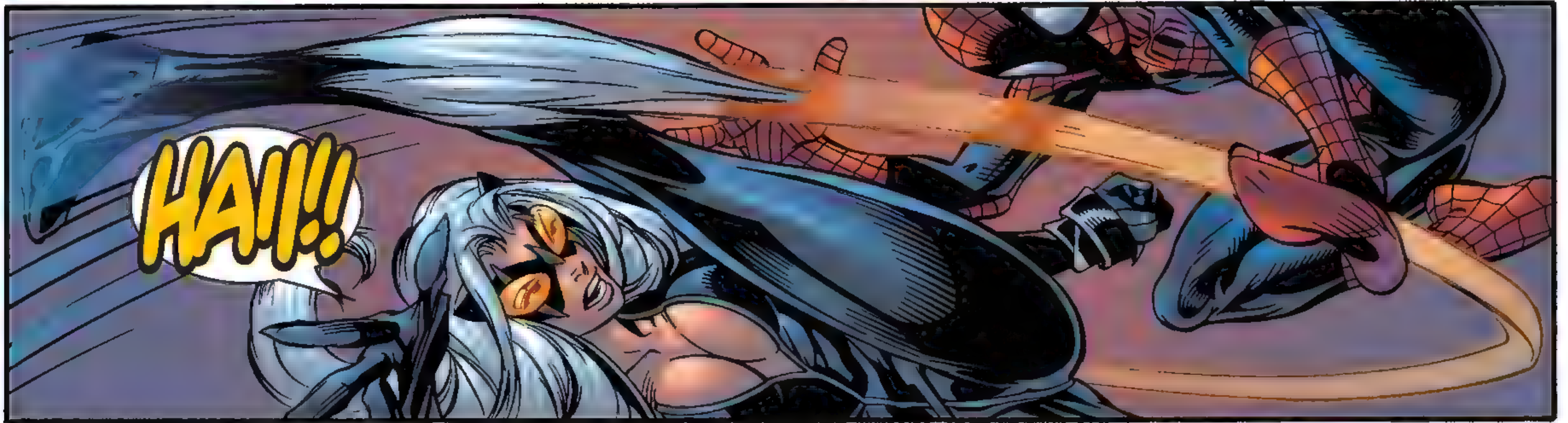
Wait. I'm not done with my verbal anxiety attack.

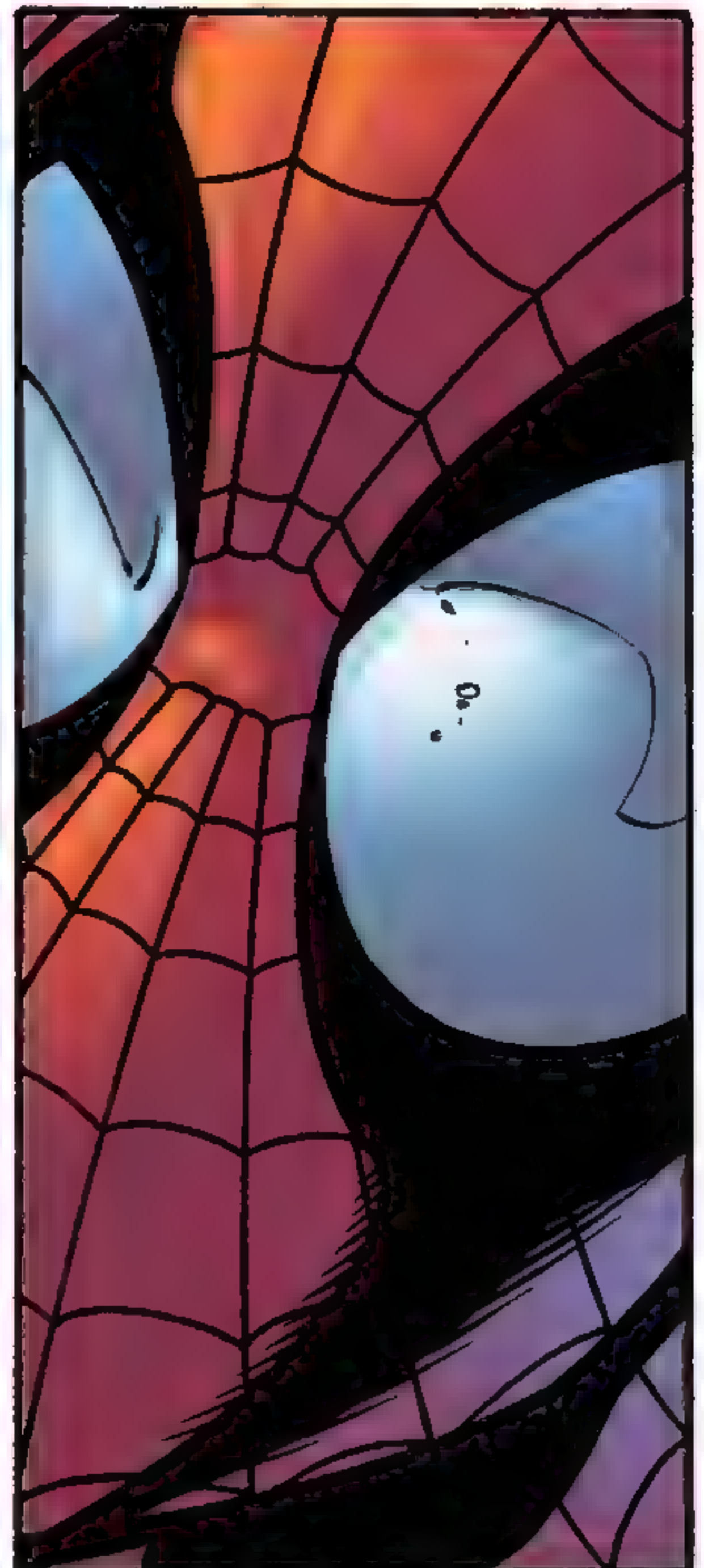
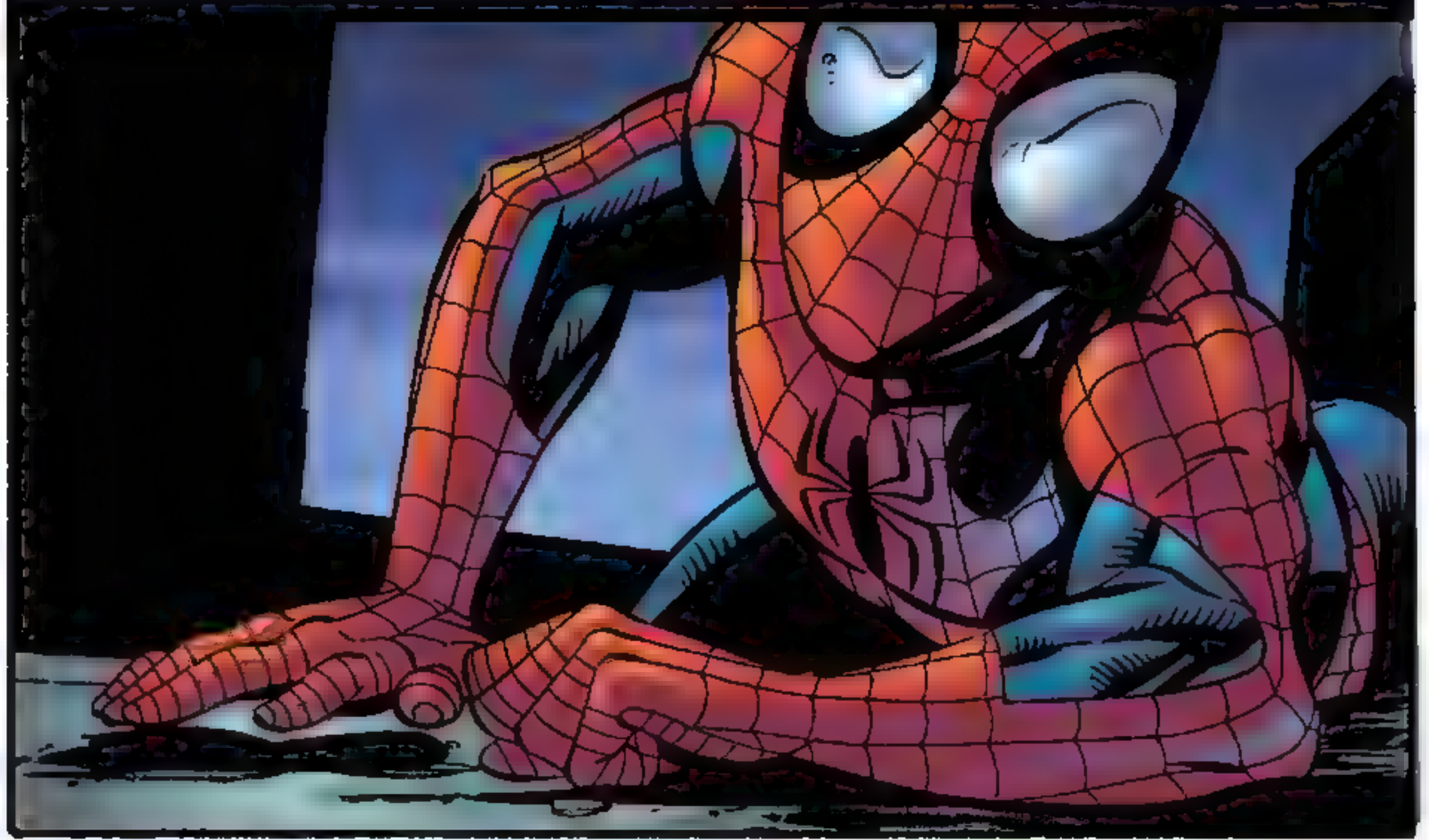
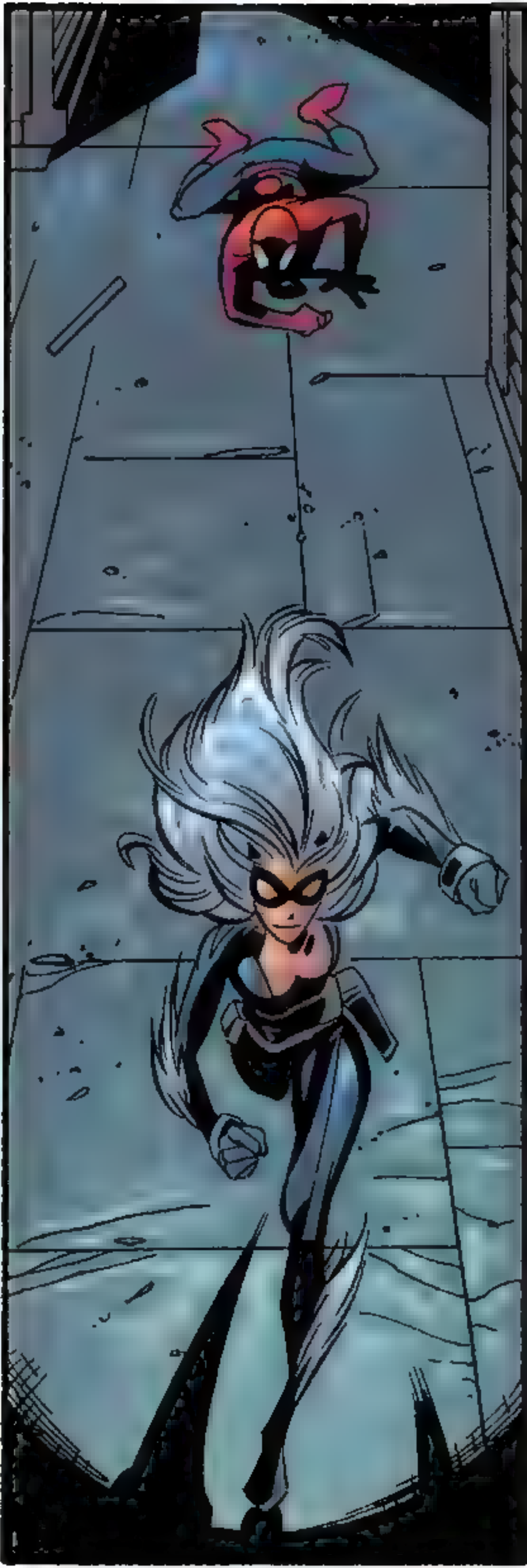
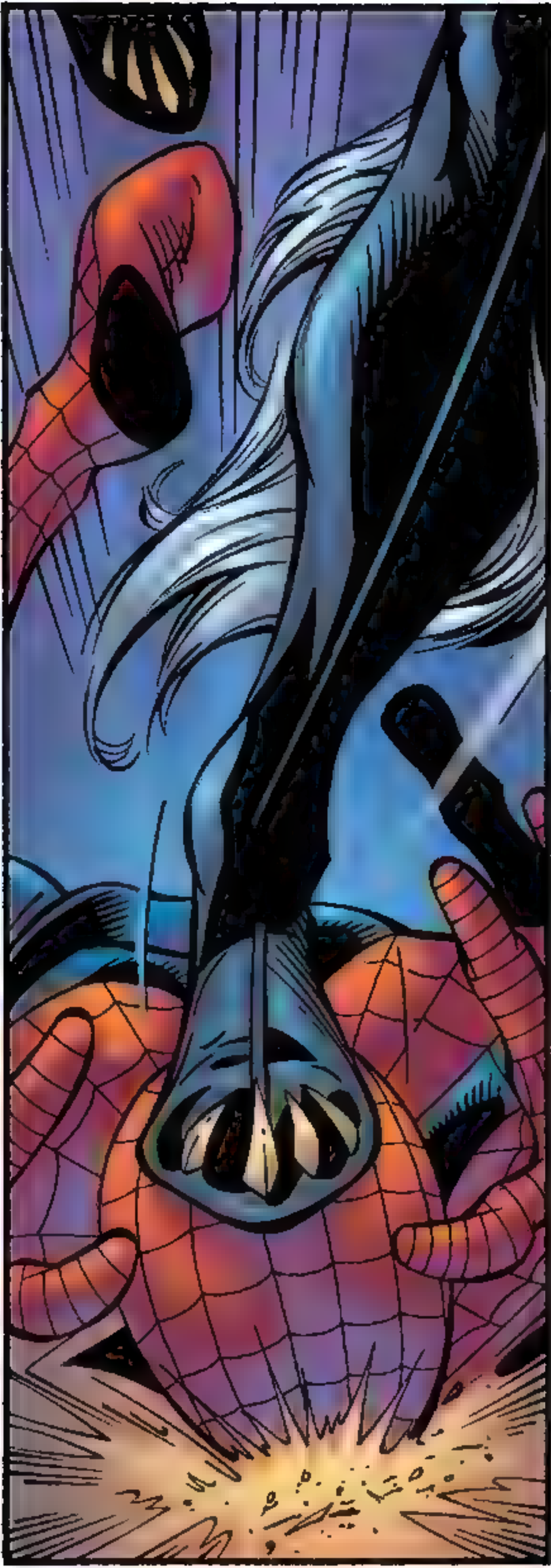


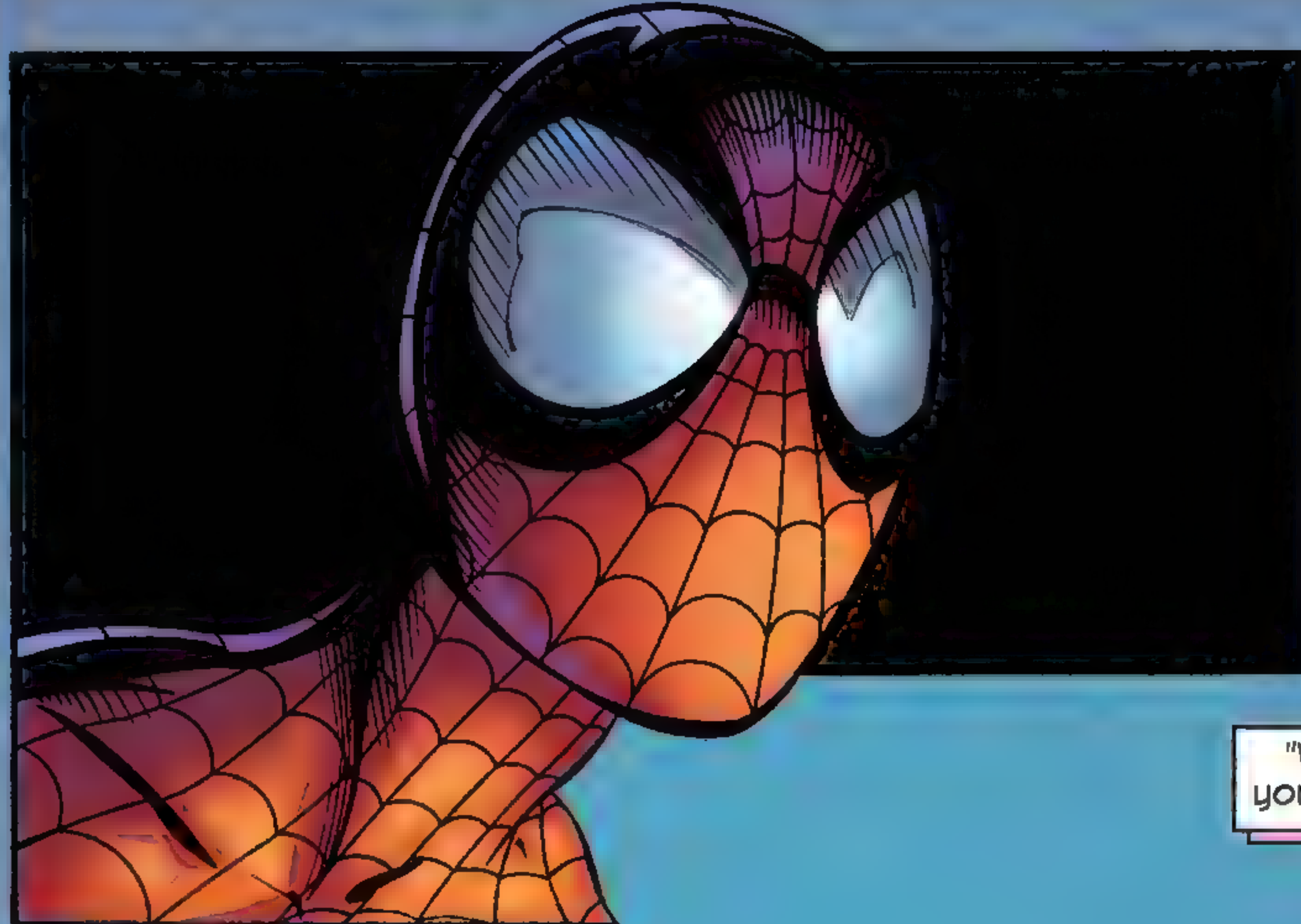
You know, if I didn't know any better I would think you're trying to *avoid* me.



I'm not usually the neurotic type, but you don't seem all that into--
OOF!!







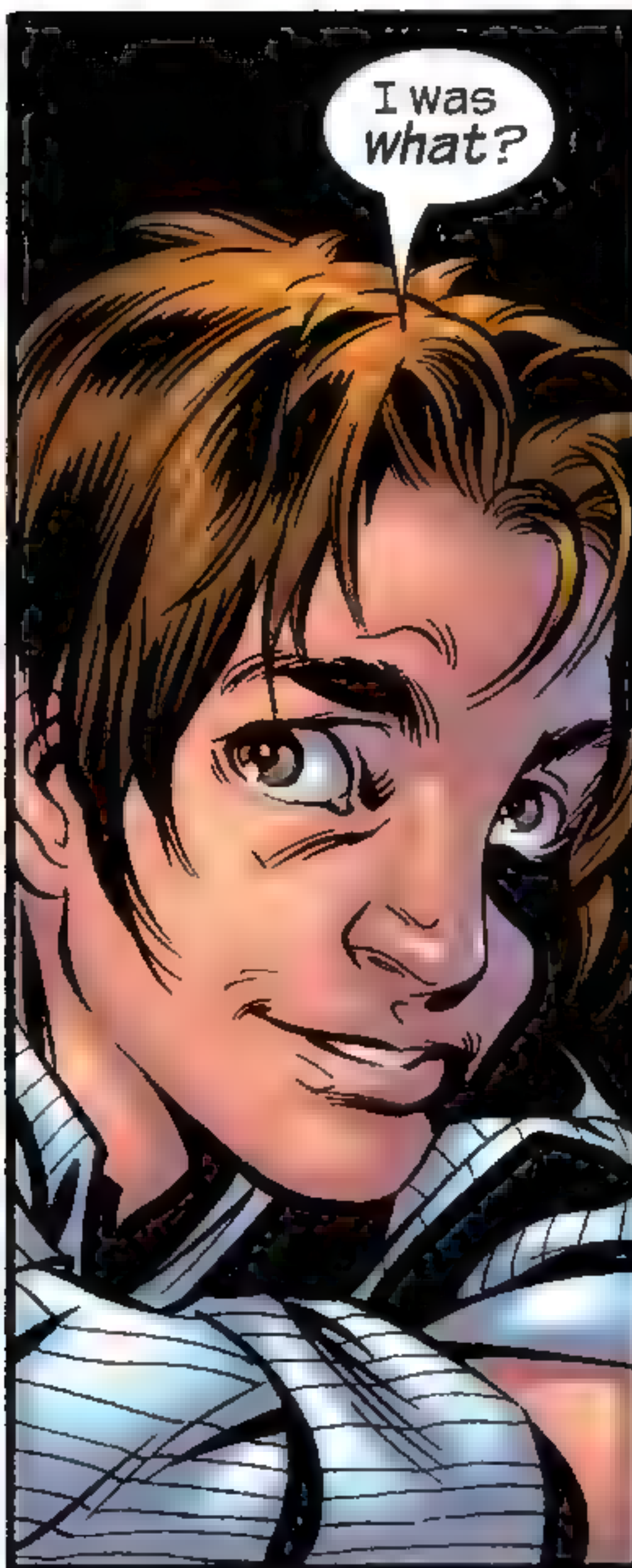
"What are
you thinking?"



Just spaced out.

Earth to Peter Parker.

You were being Spider-Man in your head again.



I was what?



You do that.

You're supposed to be sitting here with me being Peter Parker...

...aaand you're supposed to be studying for midterms...

...but just ten minutes ago you were high up in the sky in your costume all flippin' through the air and stuff...



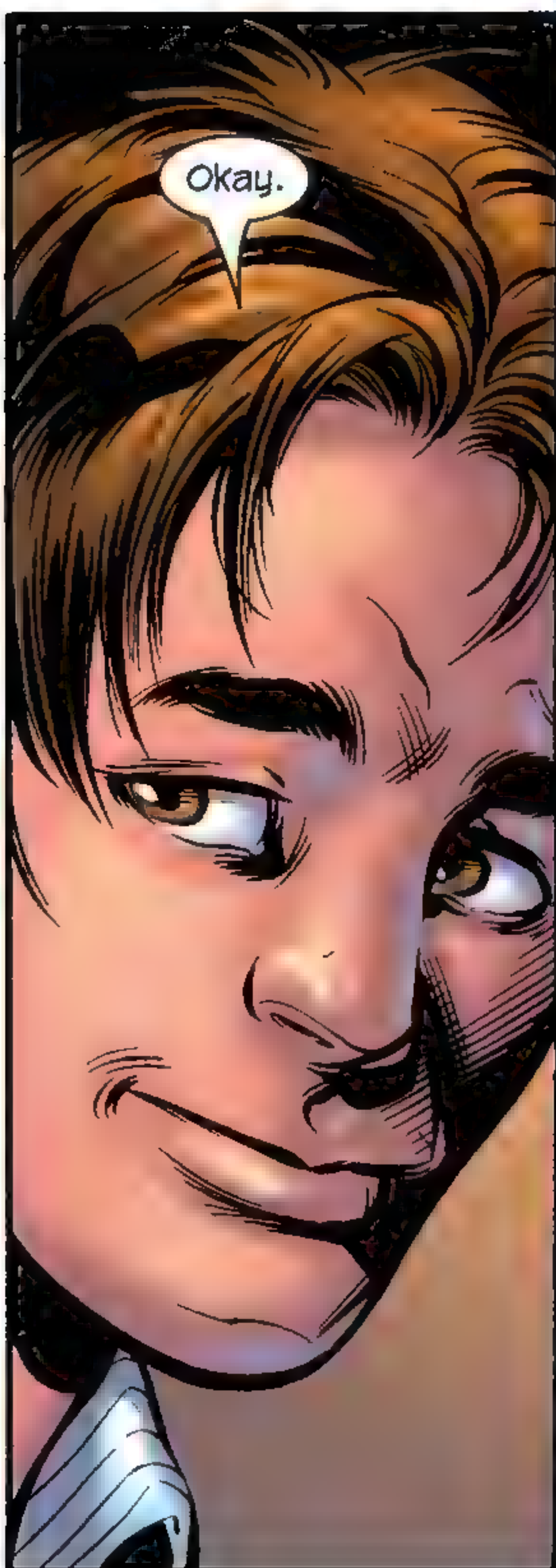
Don't play with--

And you haven't come down from it yet.

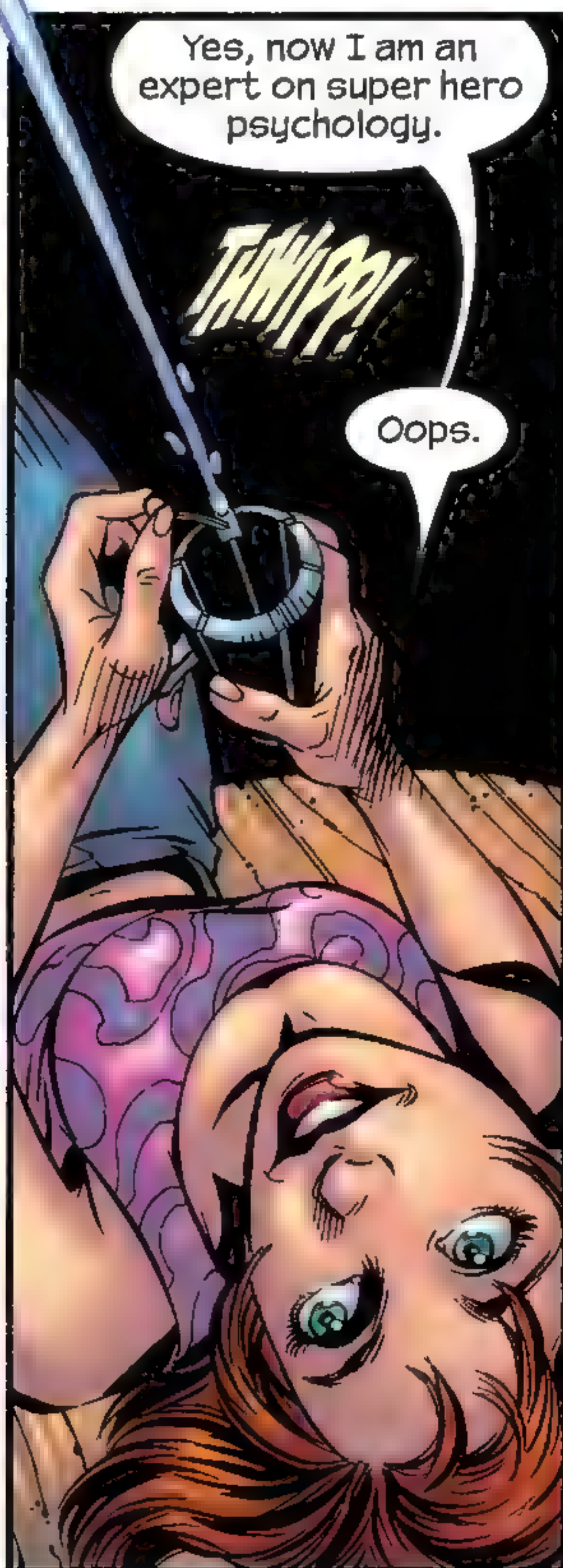
You need to give yourself a little time to come down from your super hero high...

Decompress from it.

But you never do. So you end up sitting here and you just space out.



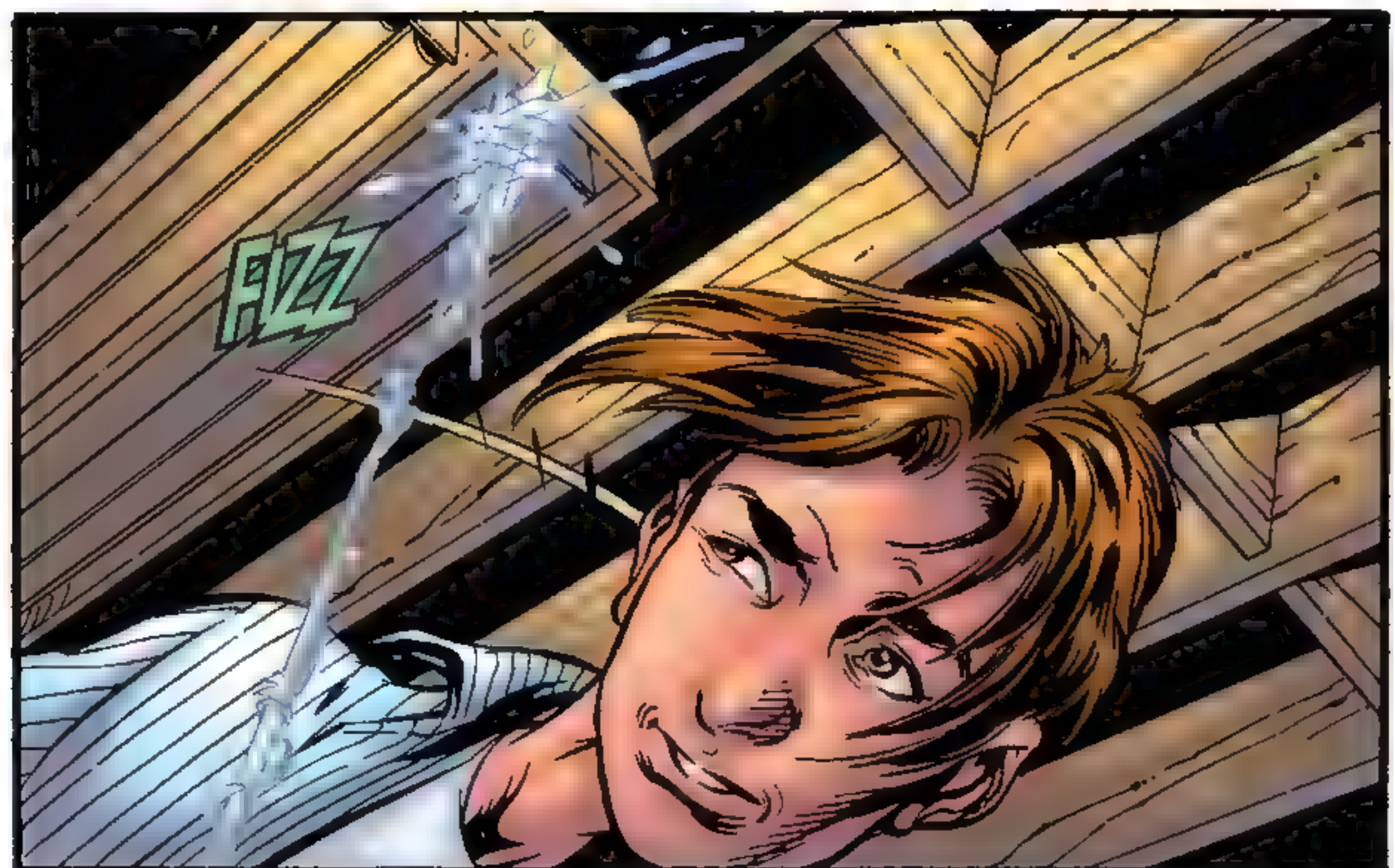
Okay.



Yes, now I am an expert on super hero psychology.

THWIP!

Oops.



FIZZ



Sorry.

Honestly, I was thinking...

Maybe...

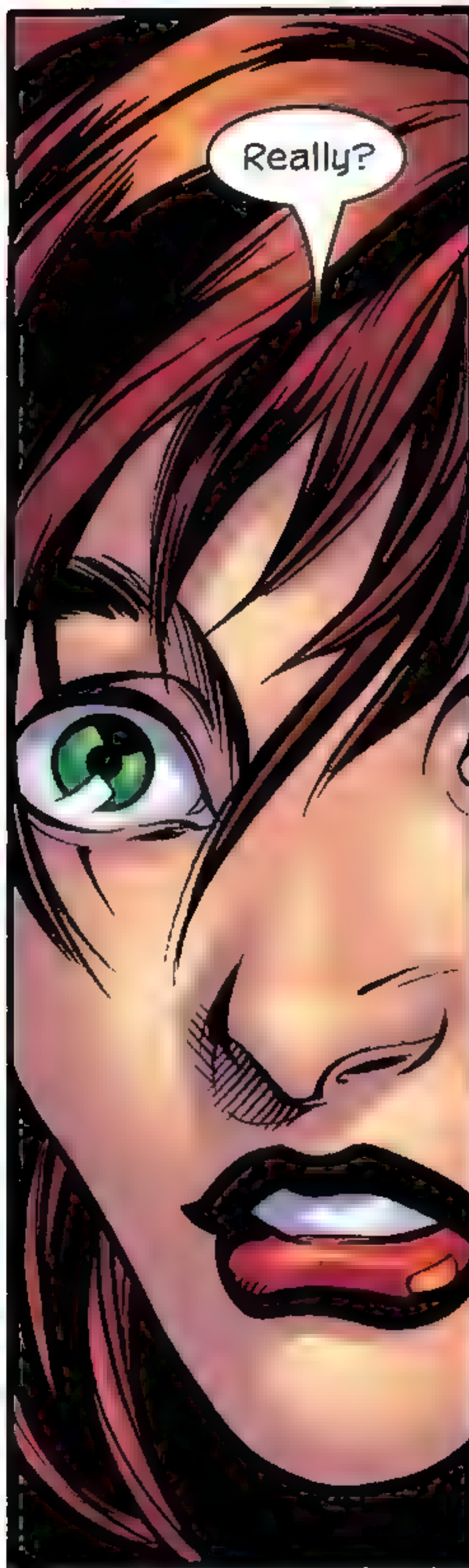
I should put the costume away for awhile and just be a normal guy.



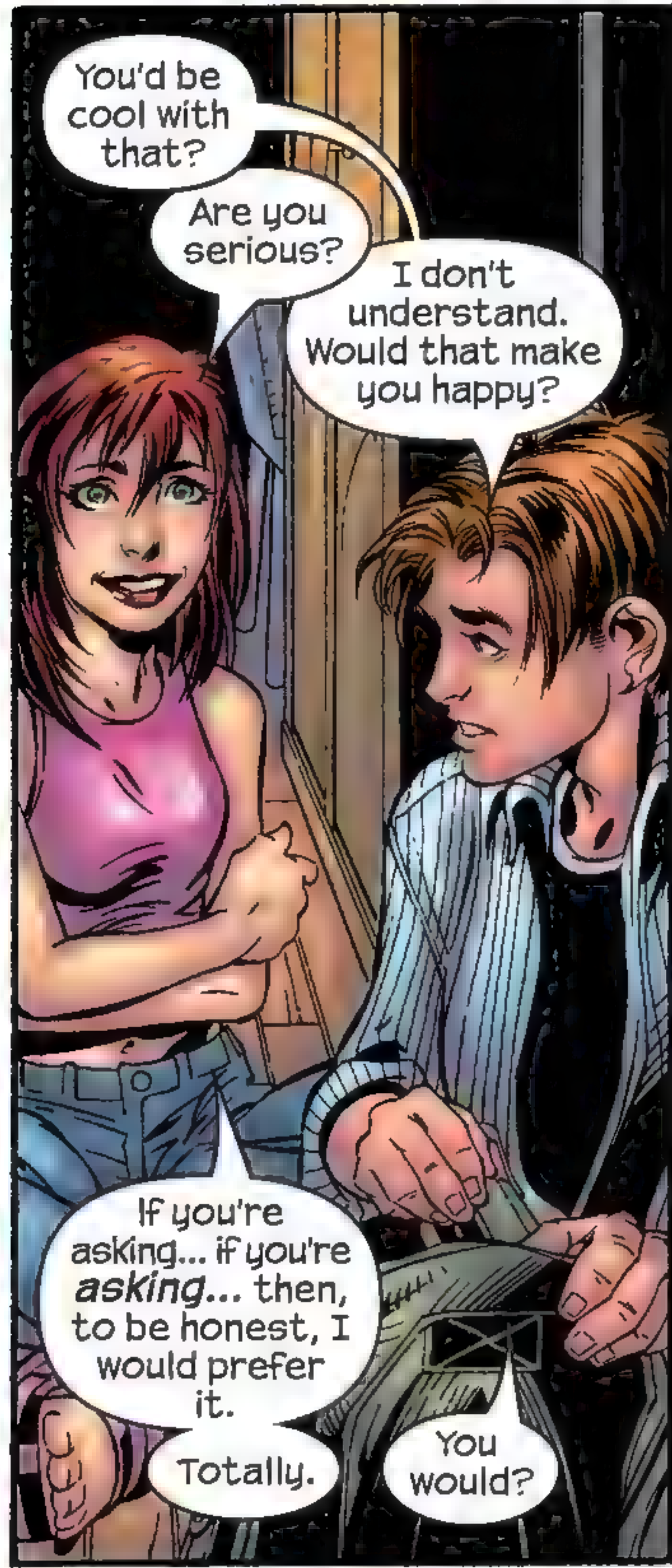
Really?



I'm thinking about it.



Really?



You'd be cool with that?

Are you serious?

I don't understand. Would that make you happy?

If you're asking... if you're *asking*... then, to be honest, I would prefer it.

Totally.

You would?



Would I *rather* you were not a mile above the city risking your neck over some idiot's plan to get revenge on whatever...

...and spent time here, safe with me?

I mean, *yeah*, it would be great if you were here instead of up there.



I didn't know you felt that way.



I'm not- No.

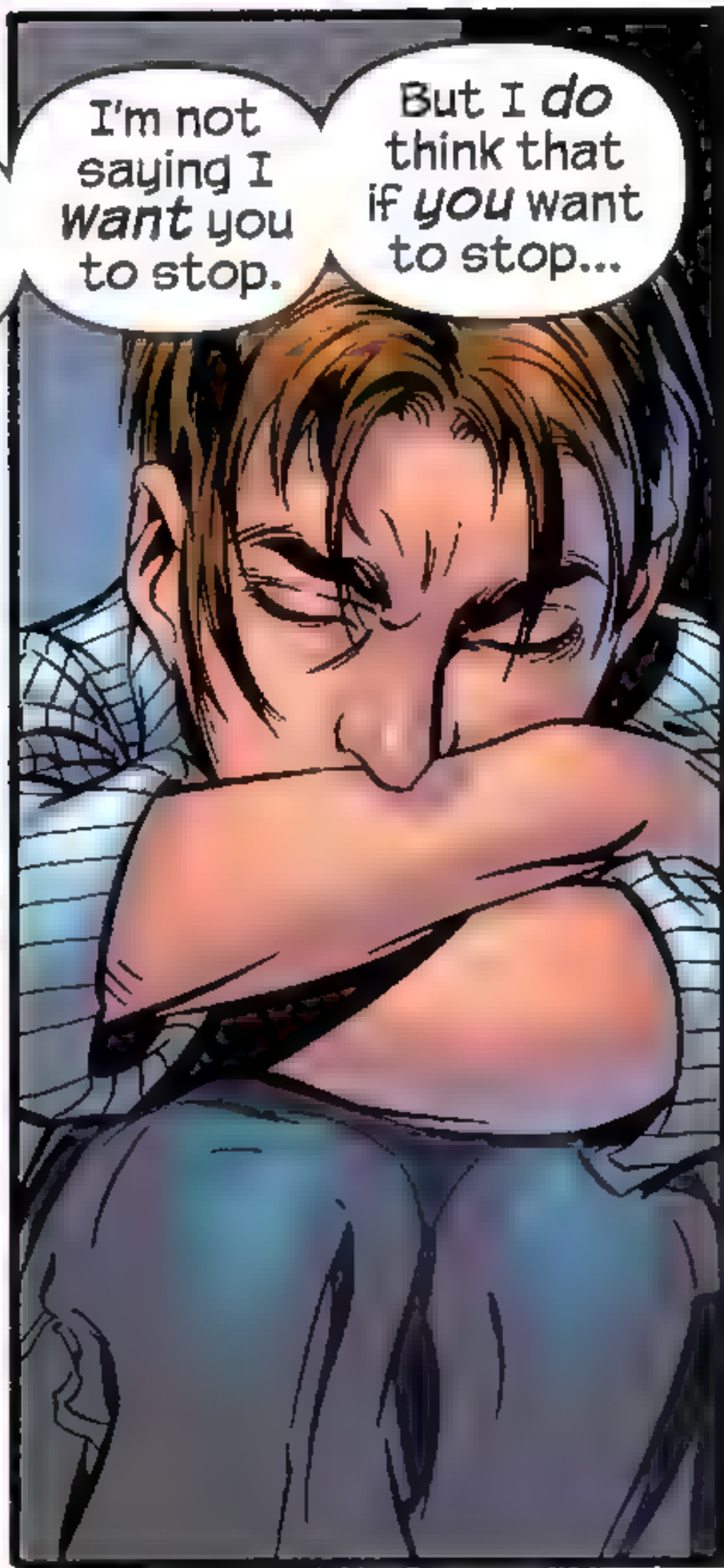
Listen... I'm not saying I *want* you to stop being Spider-Man.

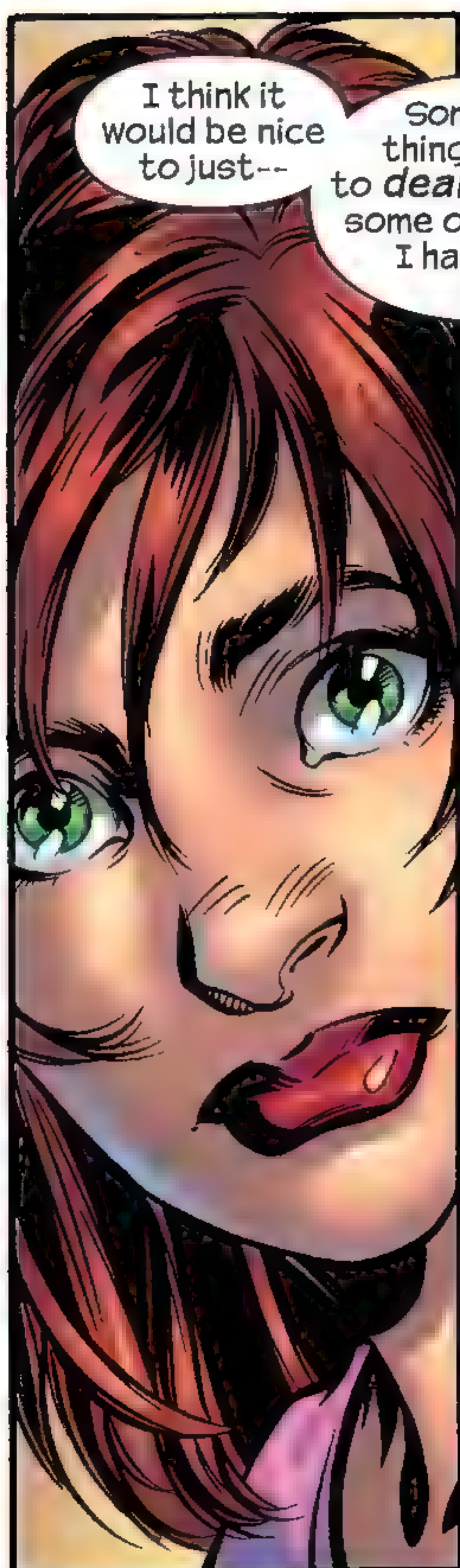
You do whatever you have to do.

You asked me what would I *think* if you *did* stop.

I'm not saying I *want* you to stop.

But I *do* think that if *you* want to stop...





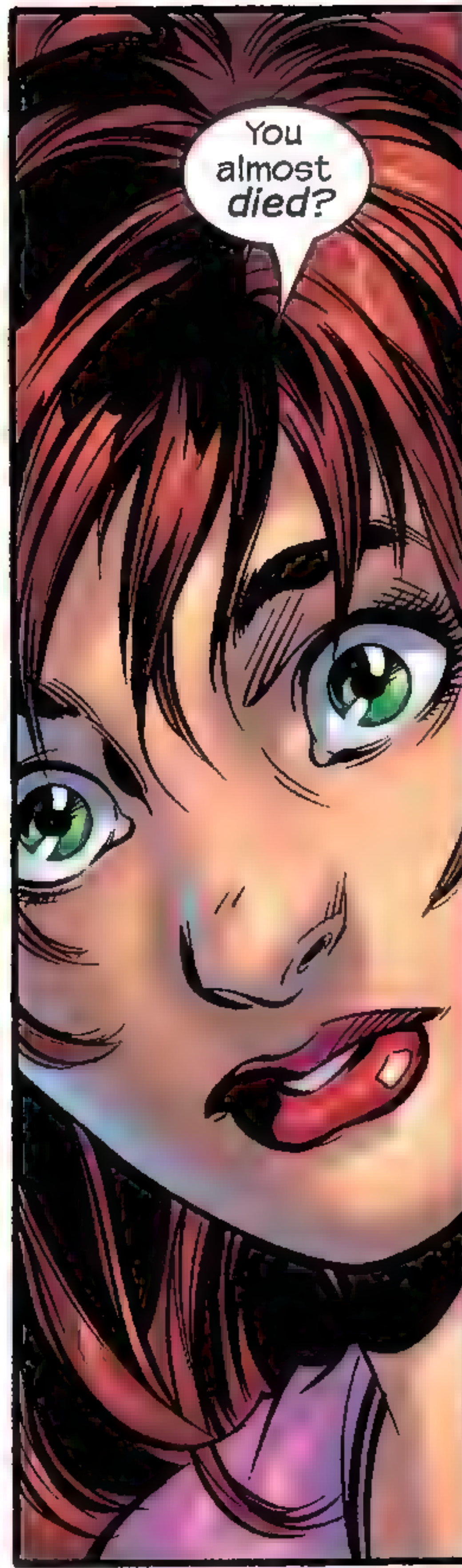
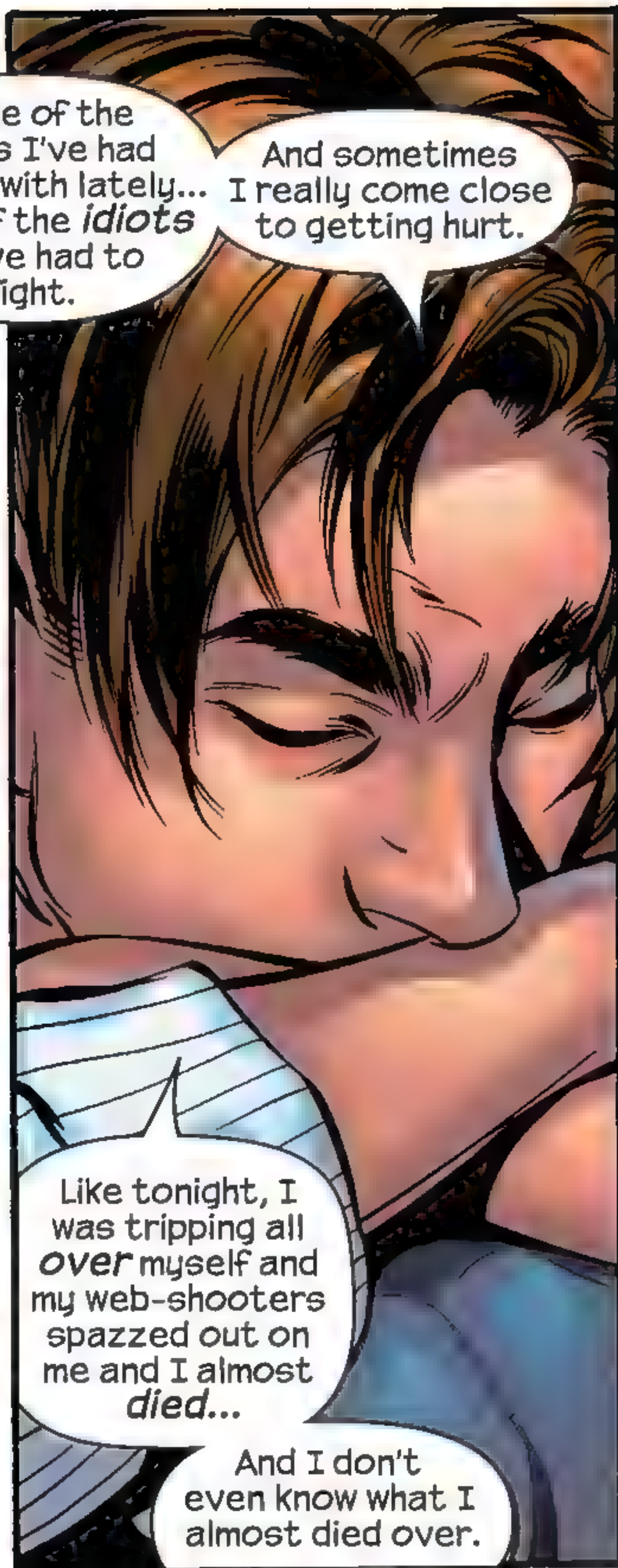
I think it would be nice to just--

Some of the things I've had to *deal* with lately... some of the *idiots* I have had to fight.

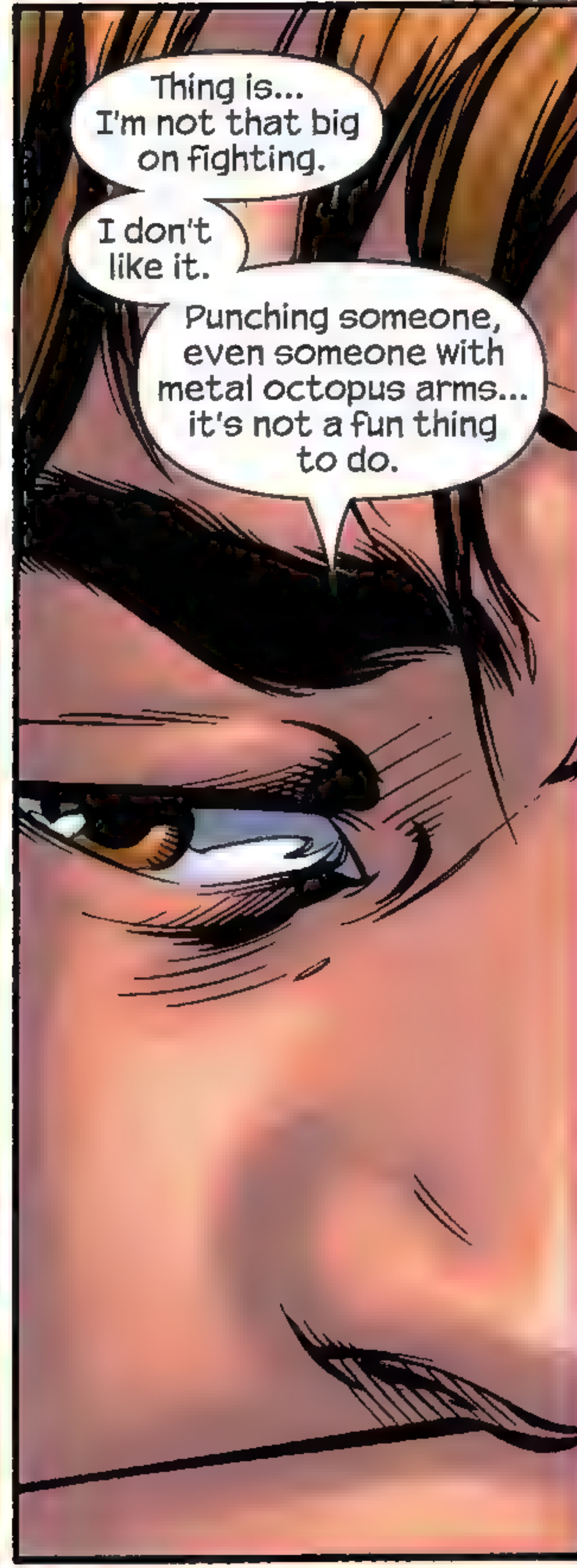
And sometimes I really come close to getting hurt.

Like tonight, I was tripping all *over* myself and my web-shooters spazzed out on me and I almost *died*...

And I don't even know what I almost died over.



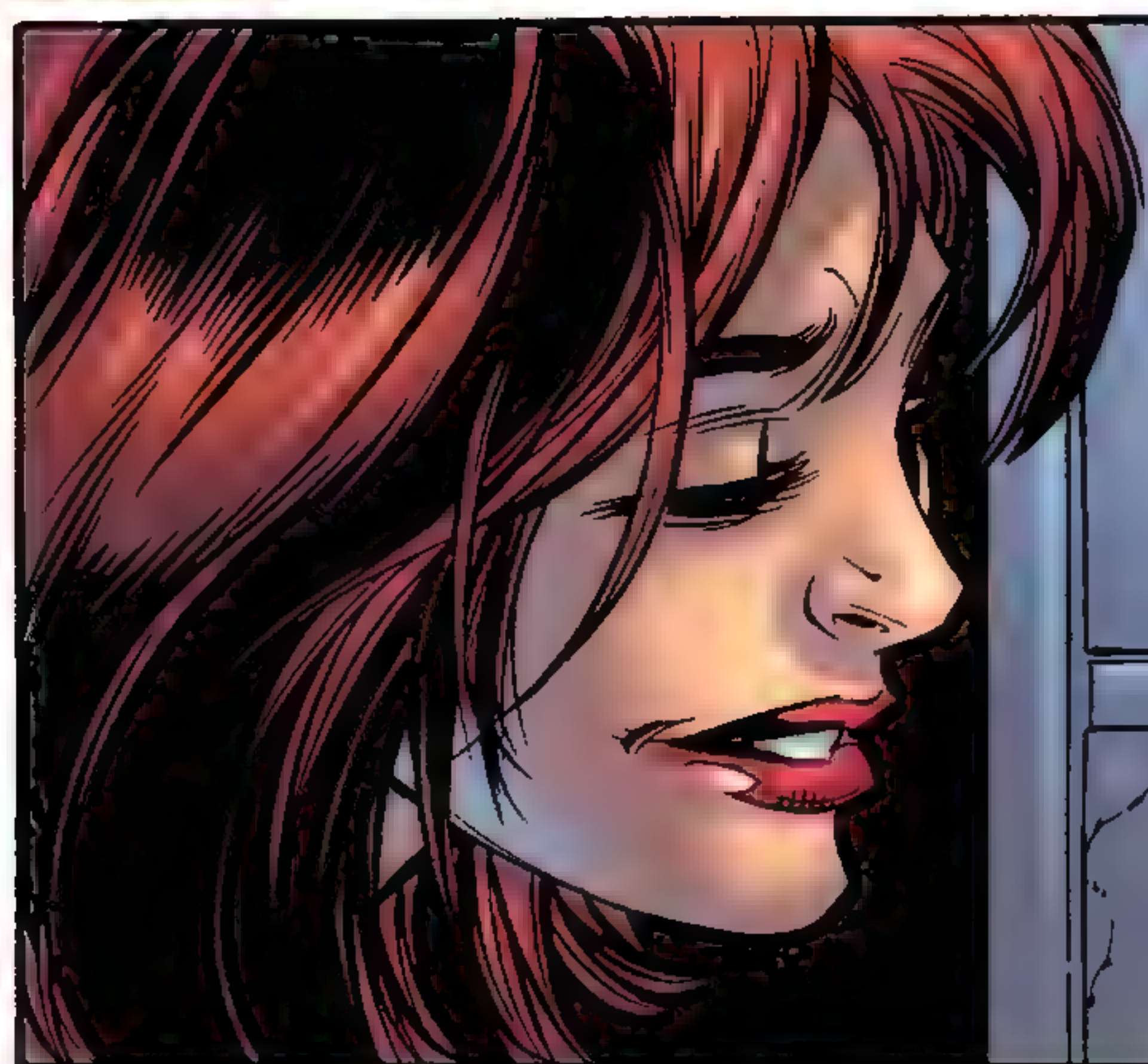
You almost died?



Thing is... I'm not that big on fighting.

I don't like it.

Punching someone, even someone with metal octopus arms... it's not a fun thing to do.



Oh, come on, punching Norman Osborn...

That was fun. But...

Really...



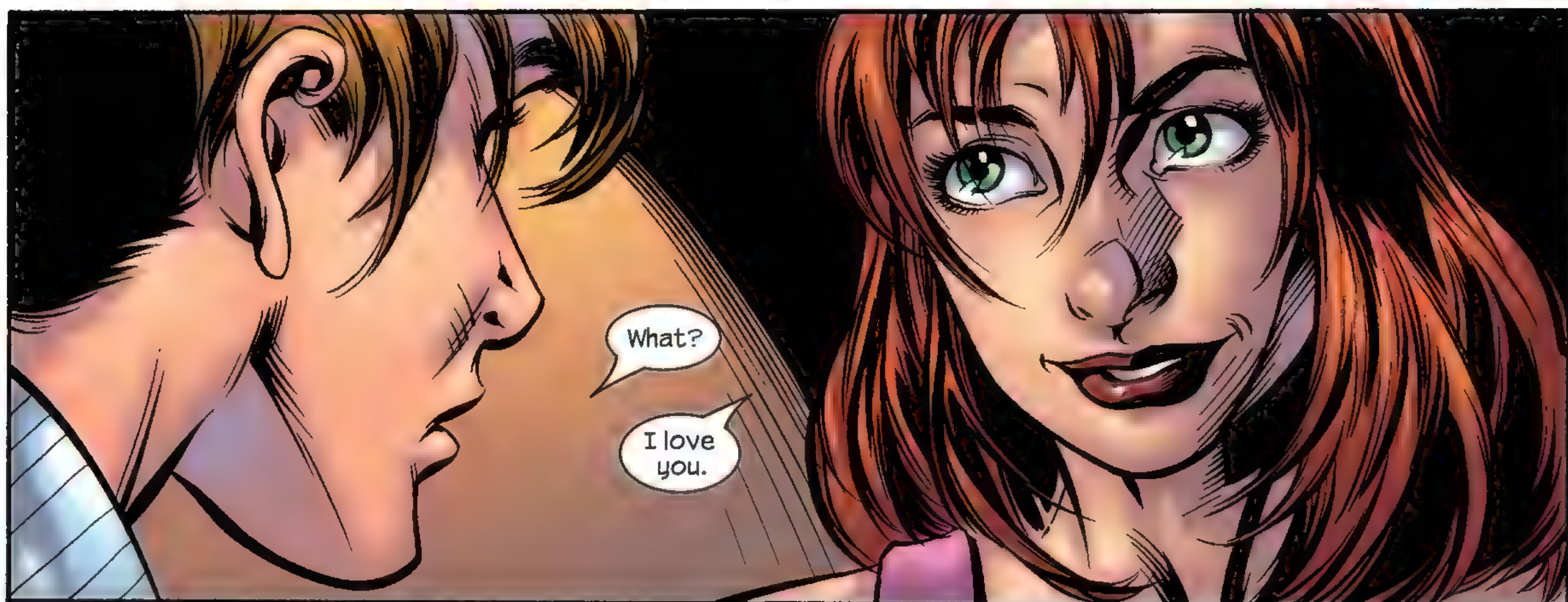
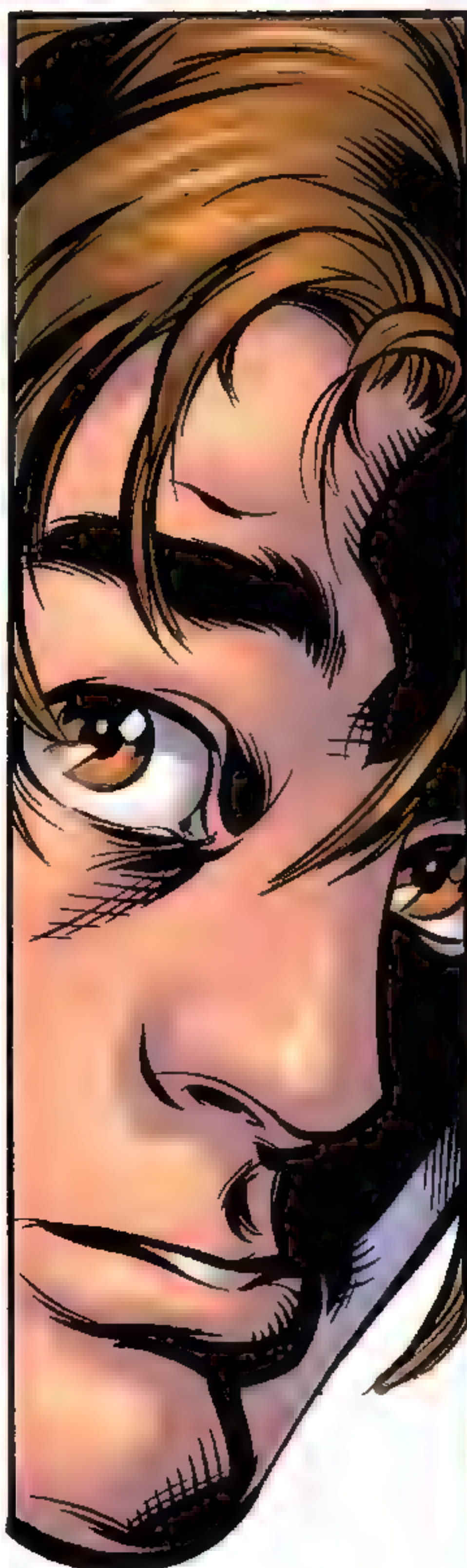
You know what I would love to do?

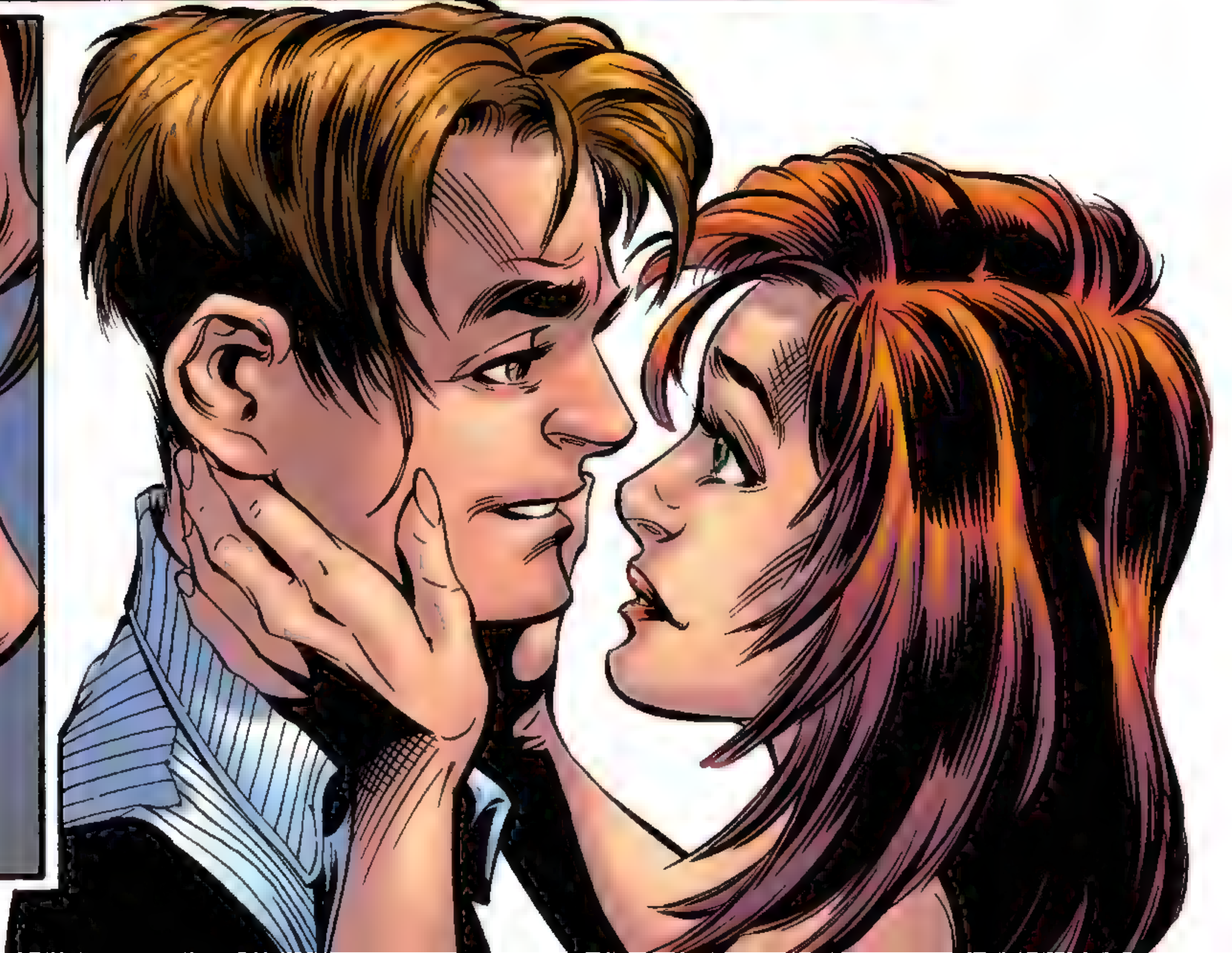
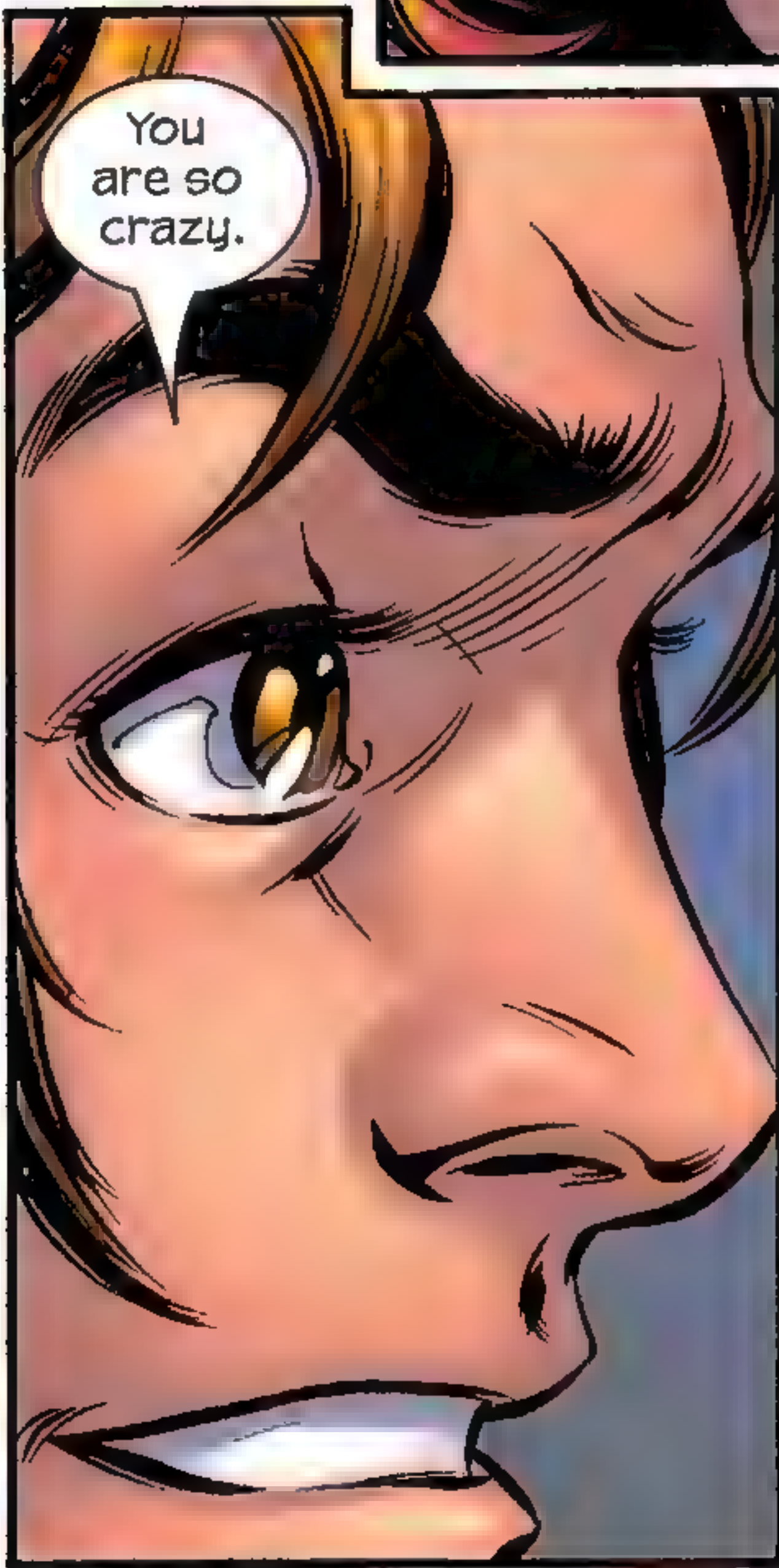
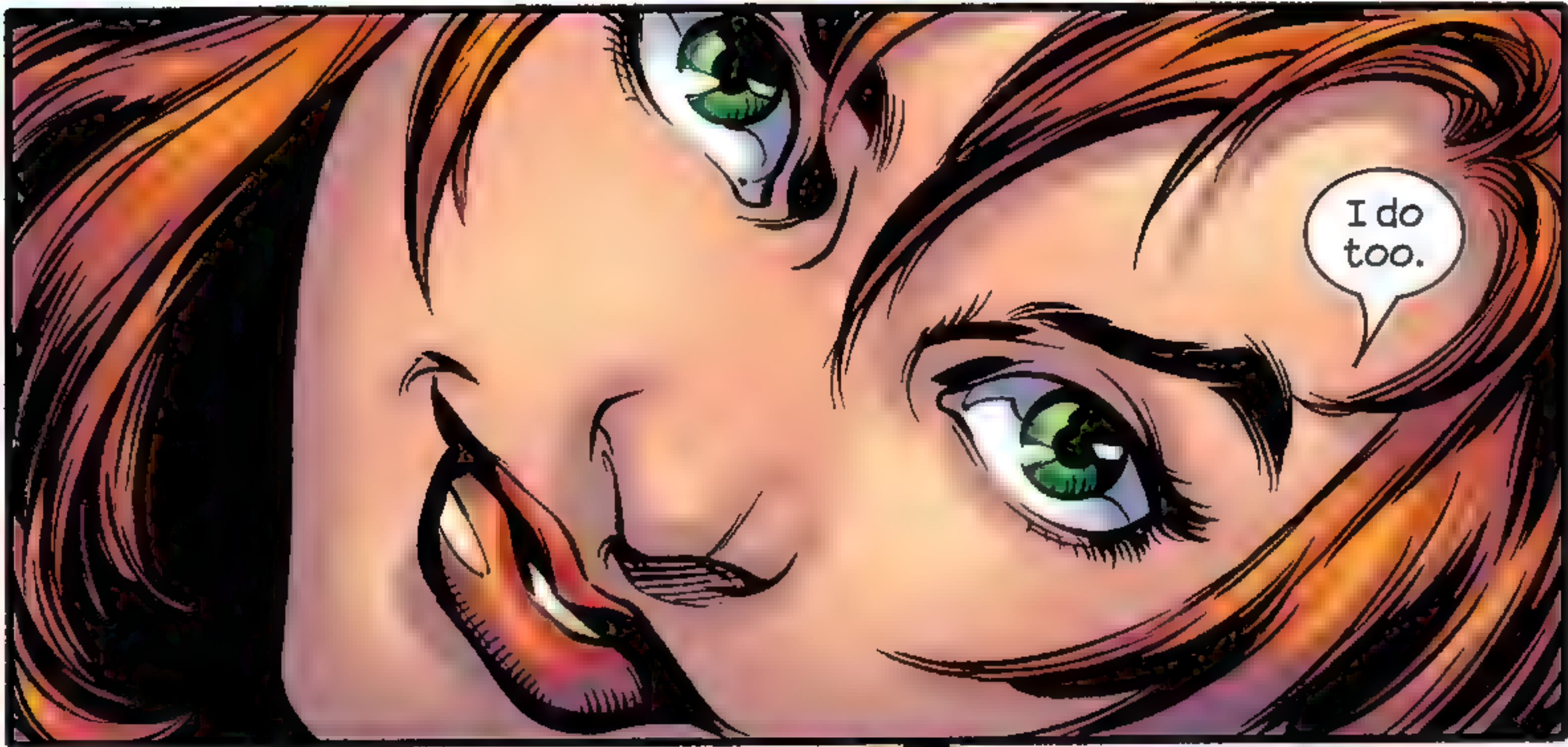
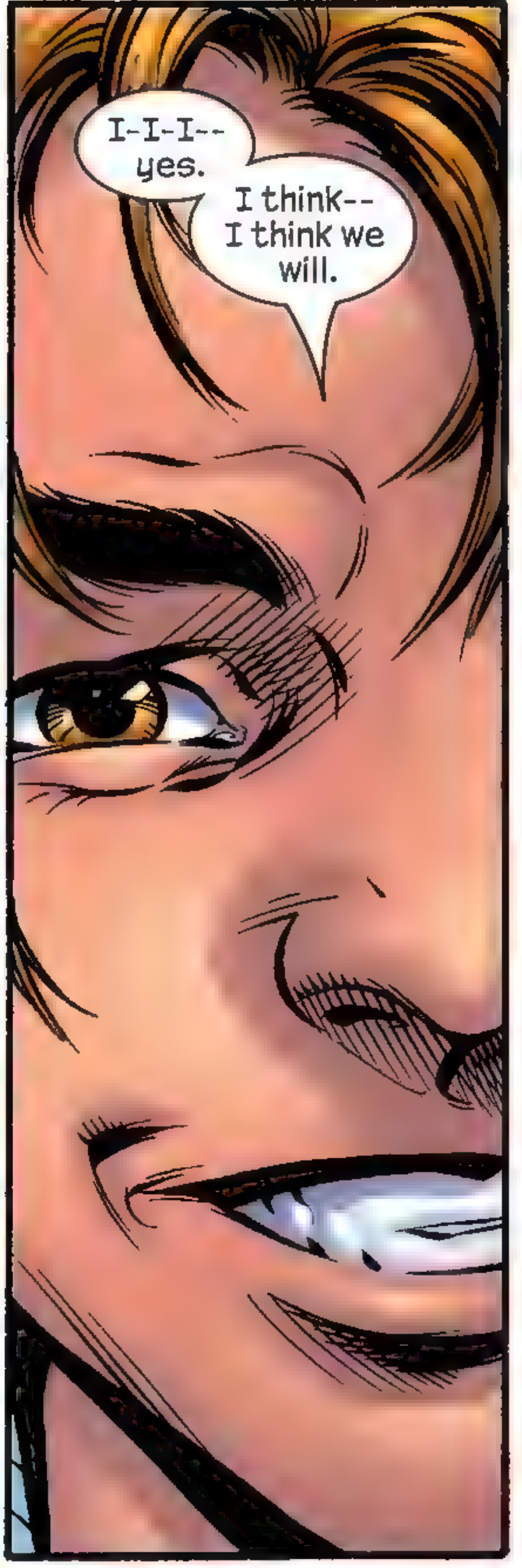
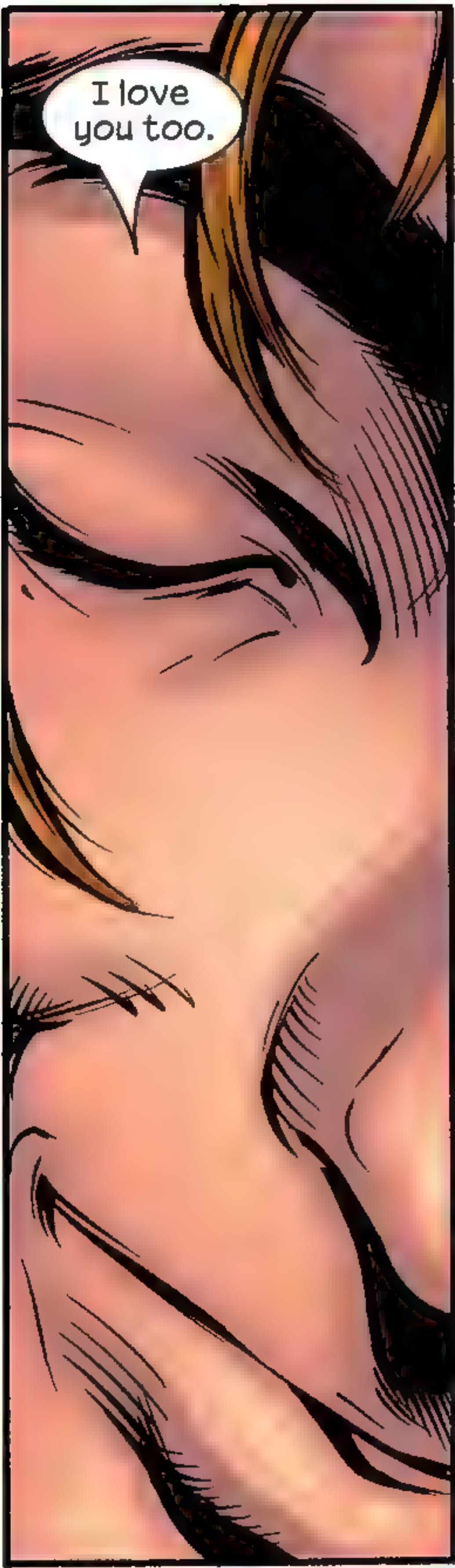
I would love to go to the park with you.

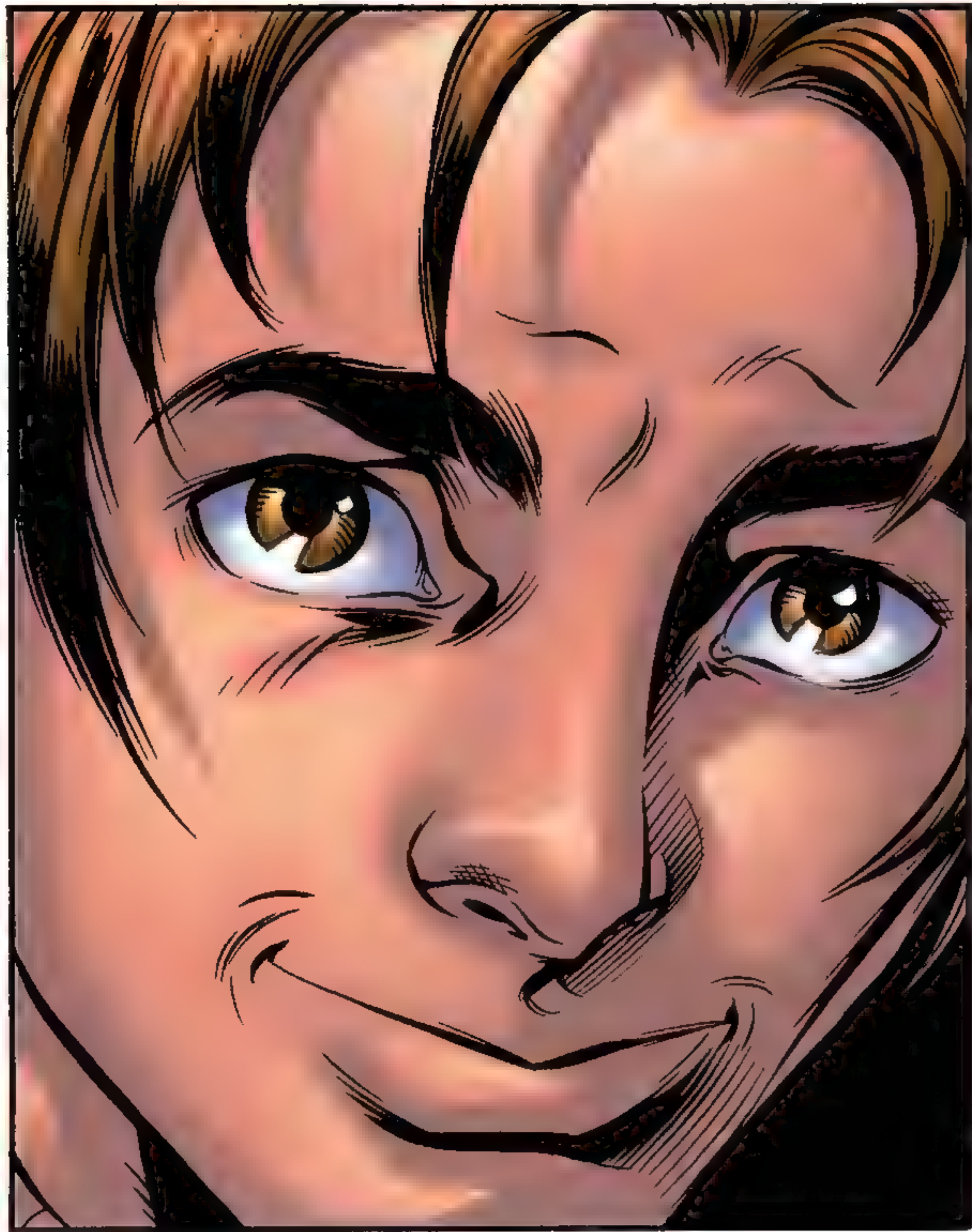
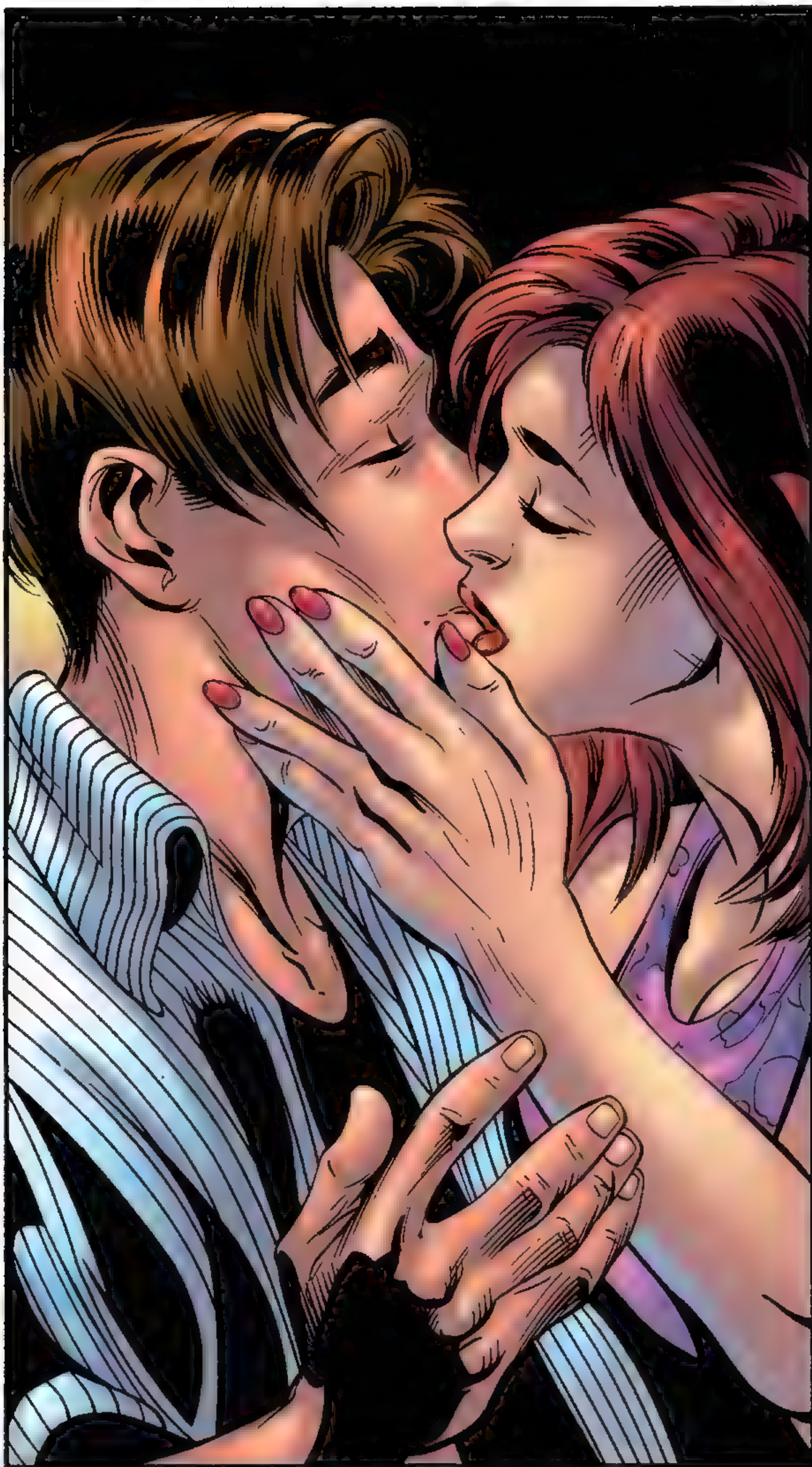


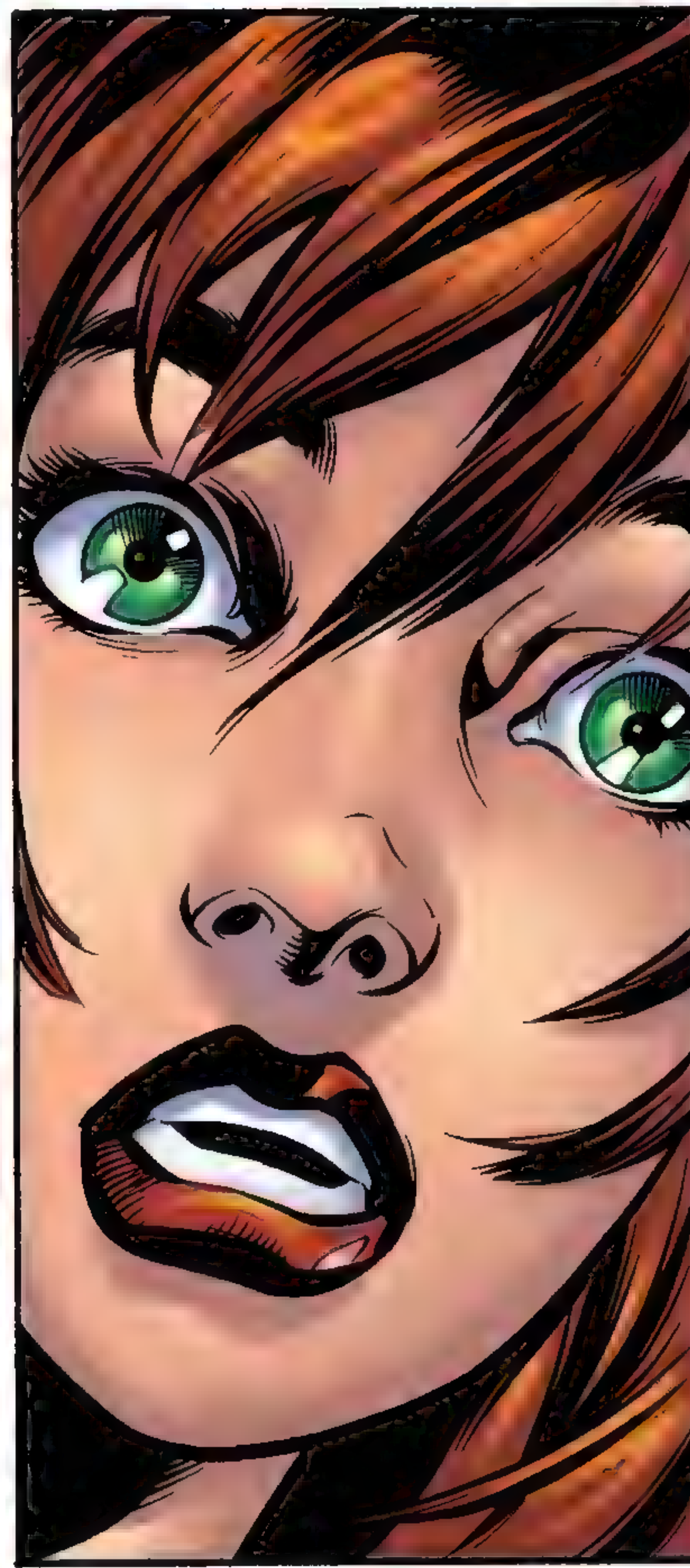
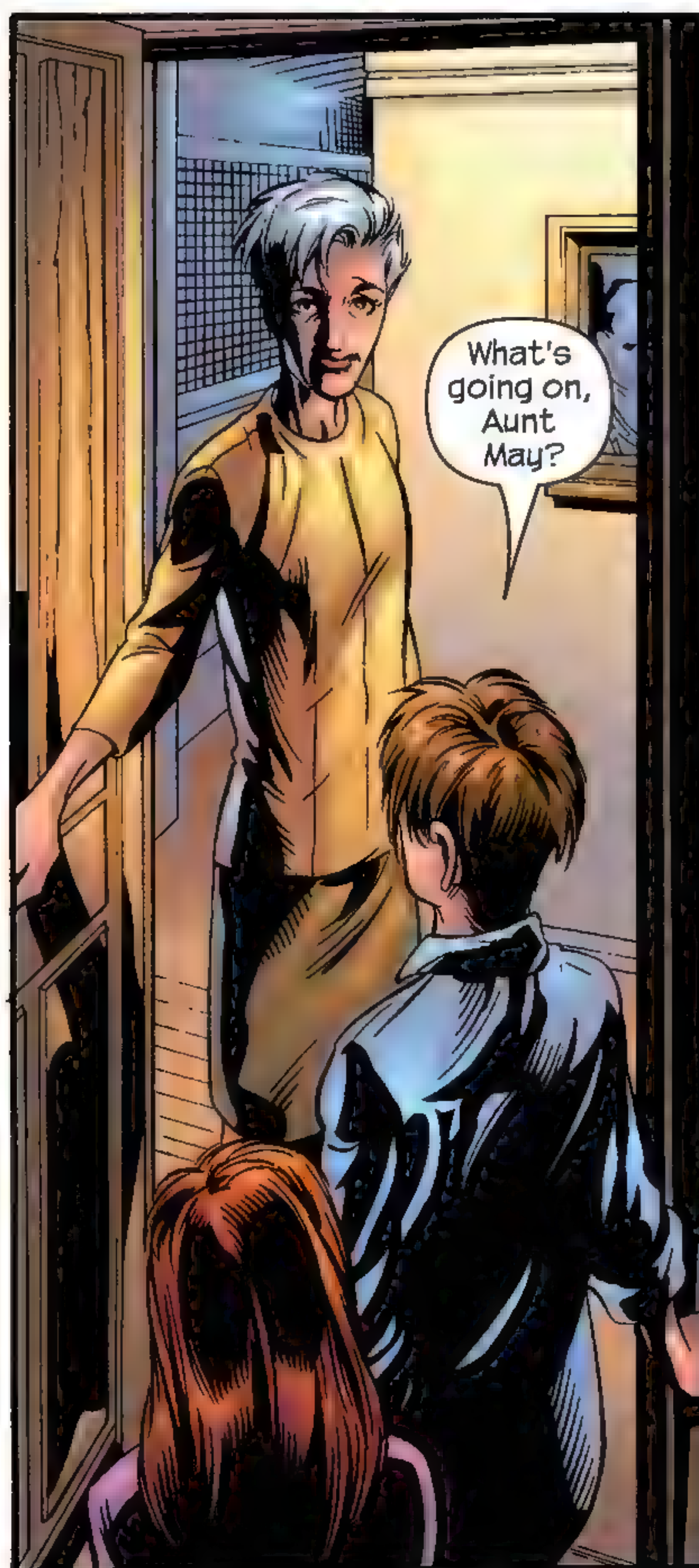
I would love to go, like, on a normal date. Just me and you.

That's what I really want.









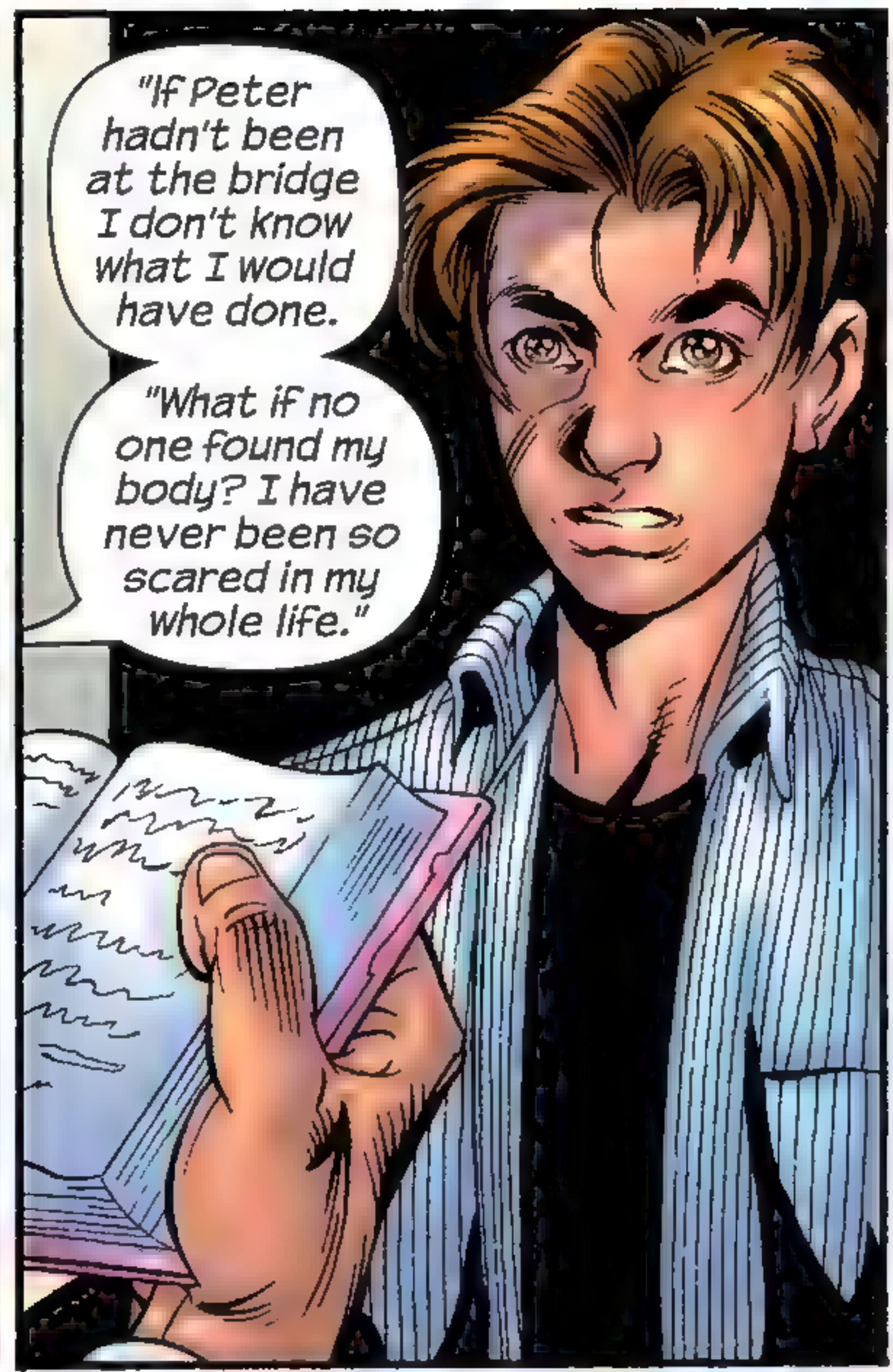




Honestly, Craig, you had no right reading her--

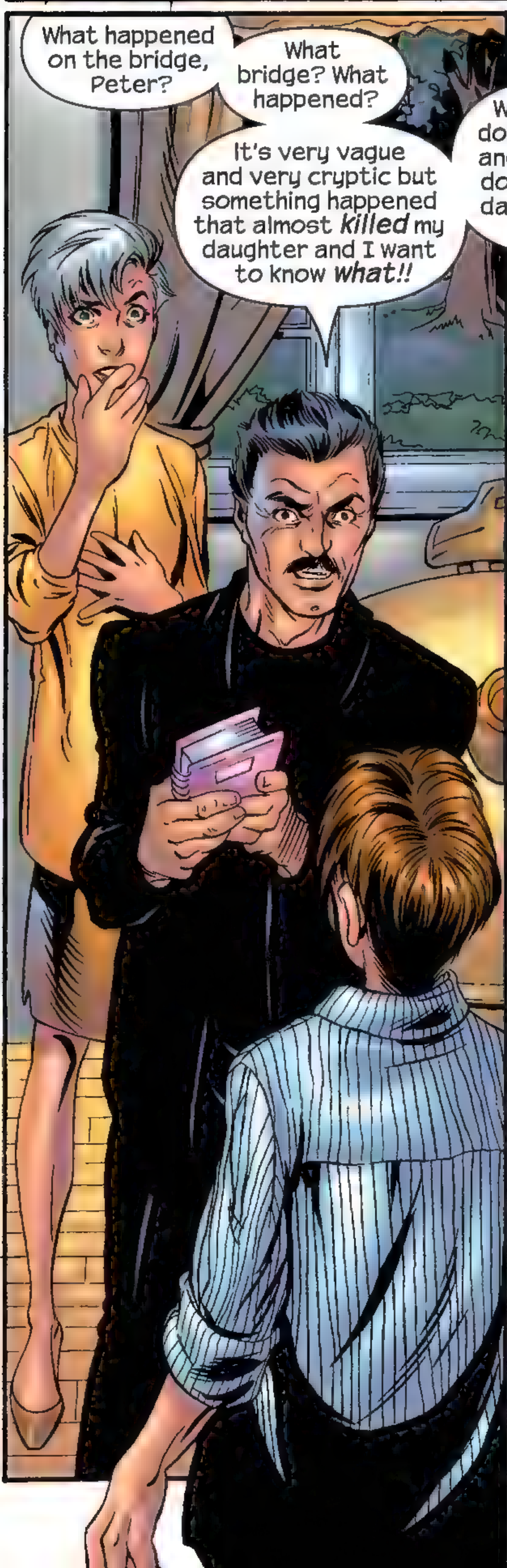
Well, then maybe Peter could explain to me what this passage means.

"I almost died tonight. Oh, my God, I almost died."



"If Peter hadn't been at the bridge I don't know what I would have done."

"What if no one found my body? I have never been so scared in my whole life."

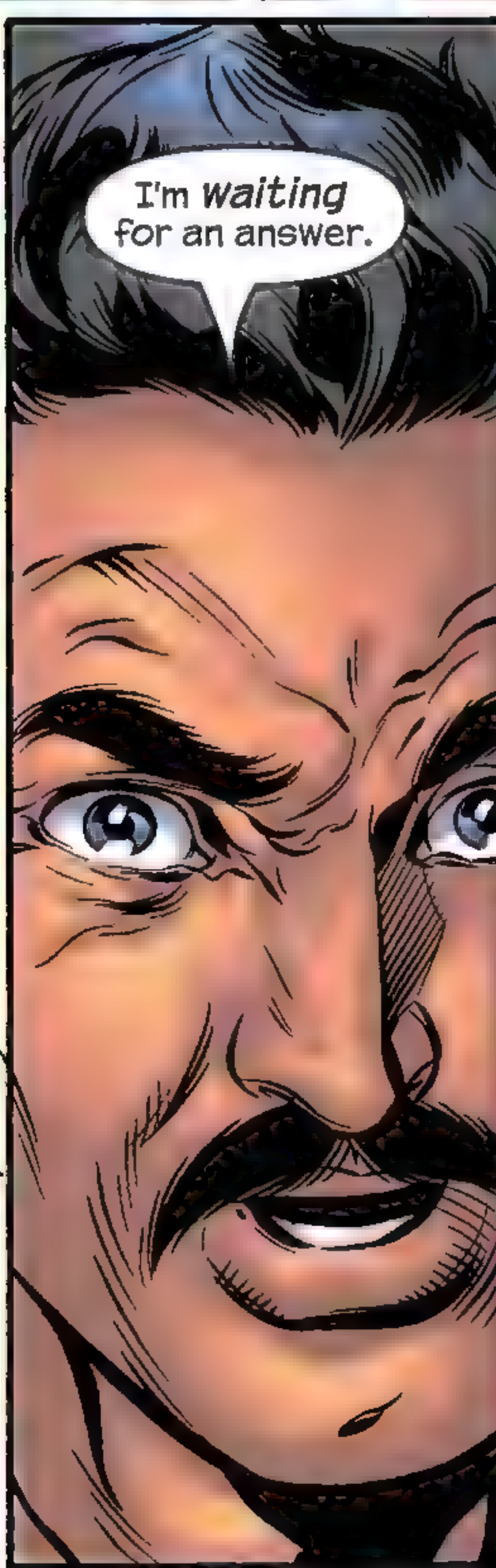
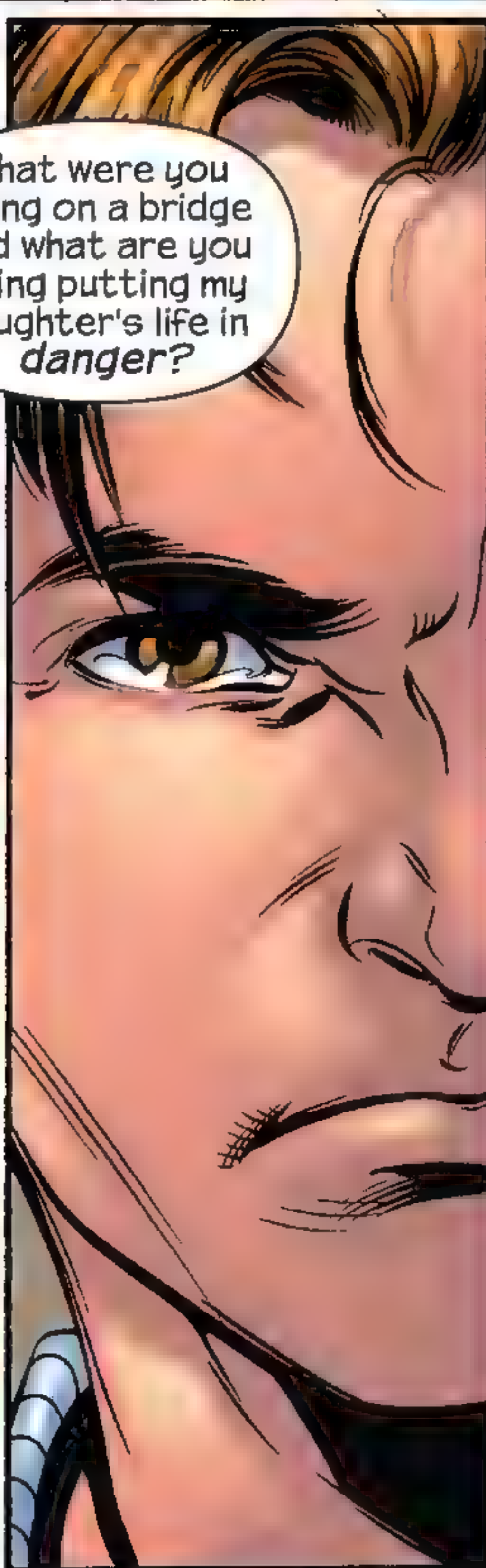


What happened on the bridge, Peter?

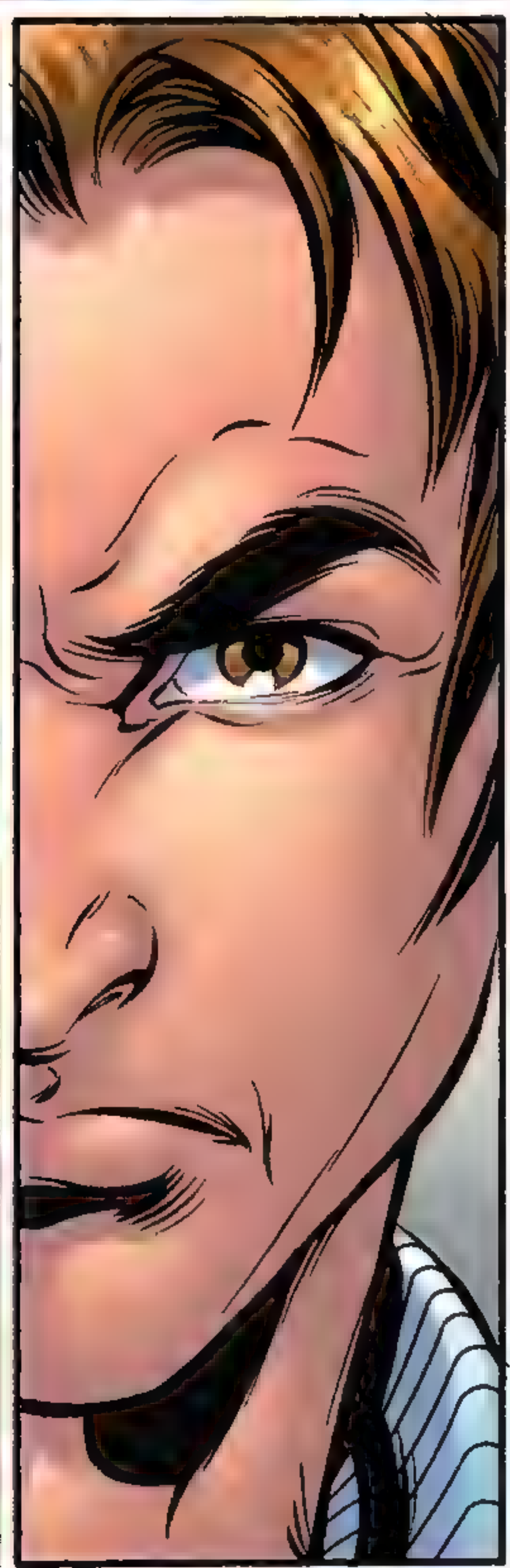
What bridge? What happened?

It's very vague and very cryptic but something happened that almost *killed* my daughter and I want to know *what!!*

What were you doing on a bridge and what are you doing putting my daughter's life in *danger*?



I'm waiting for an answer.



Oh, is *that* how it's going to be?

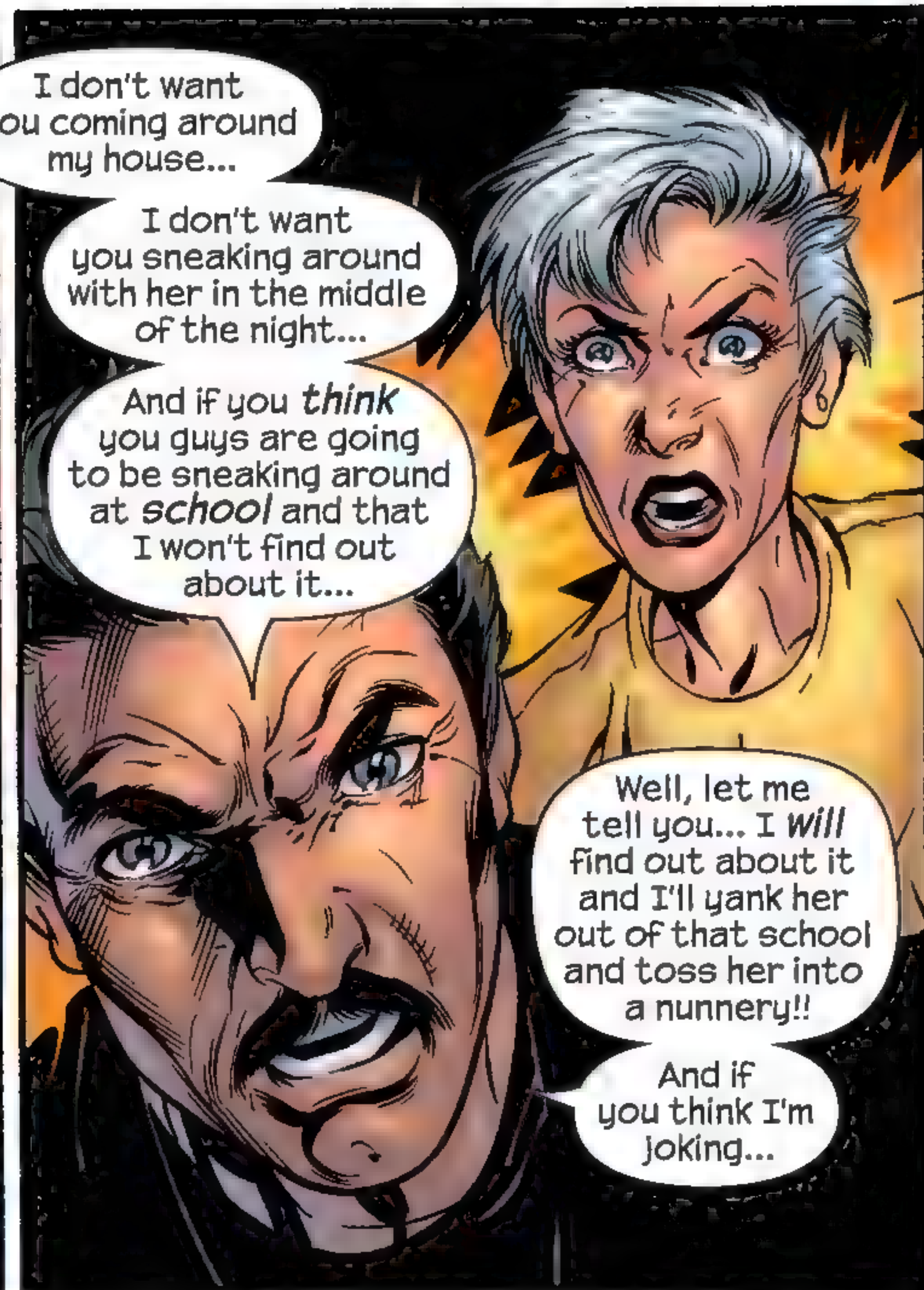
Well, you listen to me, punk. You two are **THROUGH!!**

Craig...



That's it.

I don't like whatever these little shenanigans you two are up to in that basement all the time... and now I read *this*??



I don't want you coming around my house...

I don't want you sneaking around with her in the middle of the night...

And if you *think* you guys are going to be sneaking around at *school* and that I won't find out about it...

Well, let me tell you... I *will* find out about it and I'll yank her out of that school and toss her into a nunnery!!

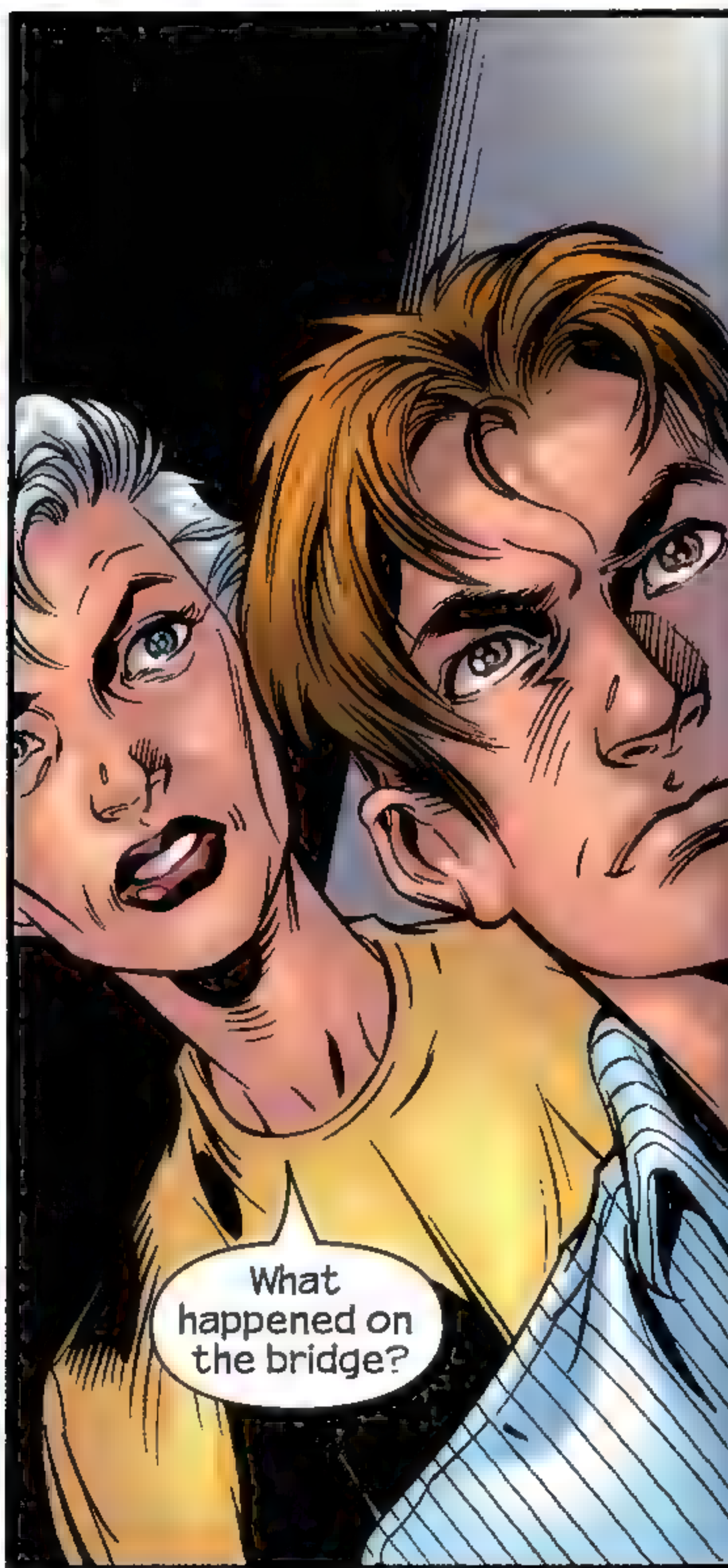
And if you think I'm joking...



Craig, get out of my house. Or I'll call the cops.



I mean it. Get out.



What happened on the bridge?



Peter? I asked you--

Nothing.

No. Nothing.



We were at the park and she slipped on-- on-- on a thing and she almost fell in.

I-- I caught her by the wrist.

That's it?

That's it.

Why didn't you just tell him that was it?



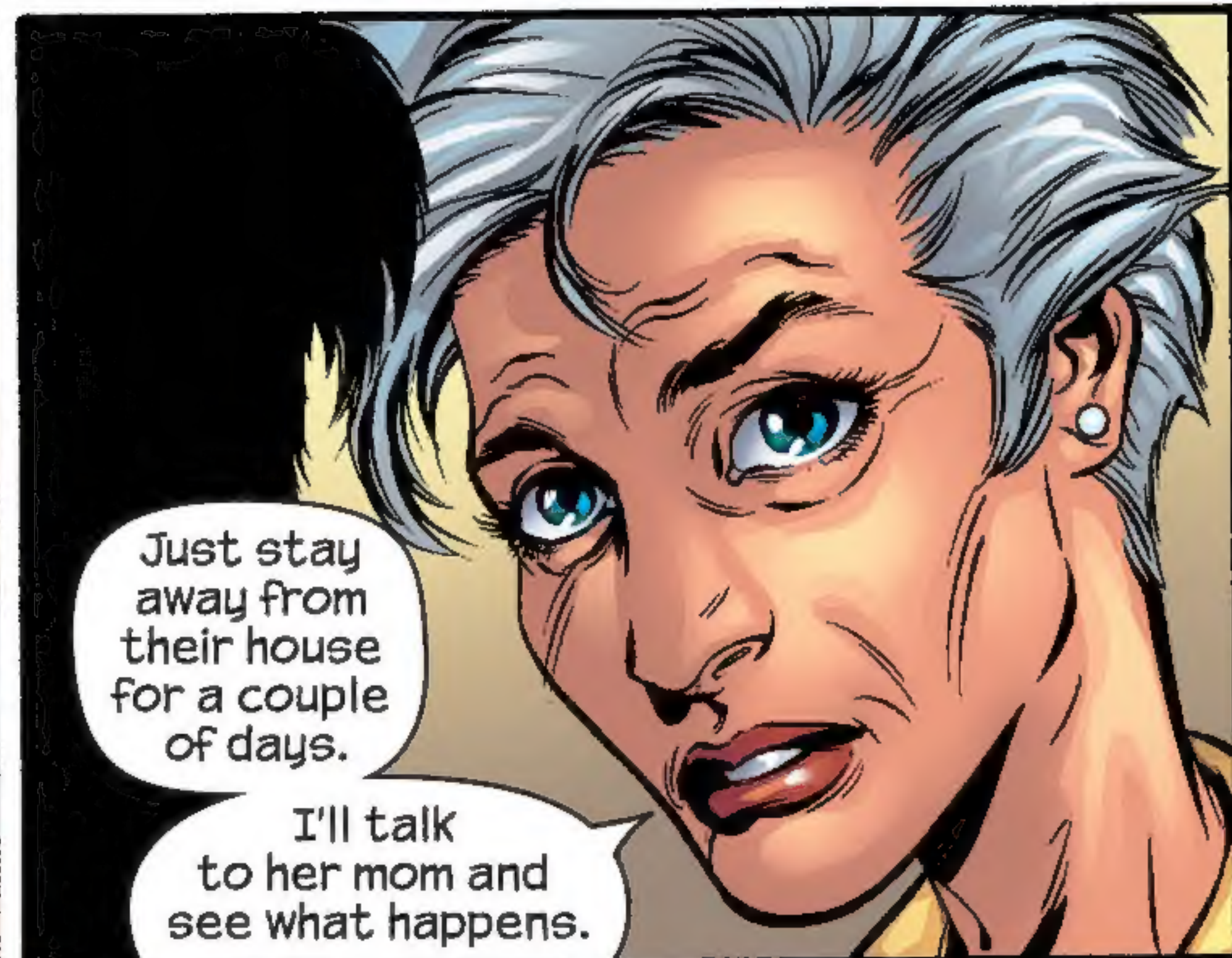
'Cause he's a jerk.

Can't believe what a *jerk* that guy is.

He really is.

I'm sorry, Peter.

I can't believe it.

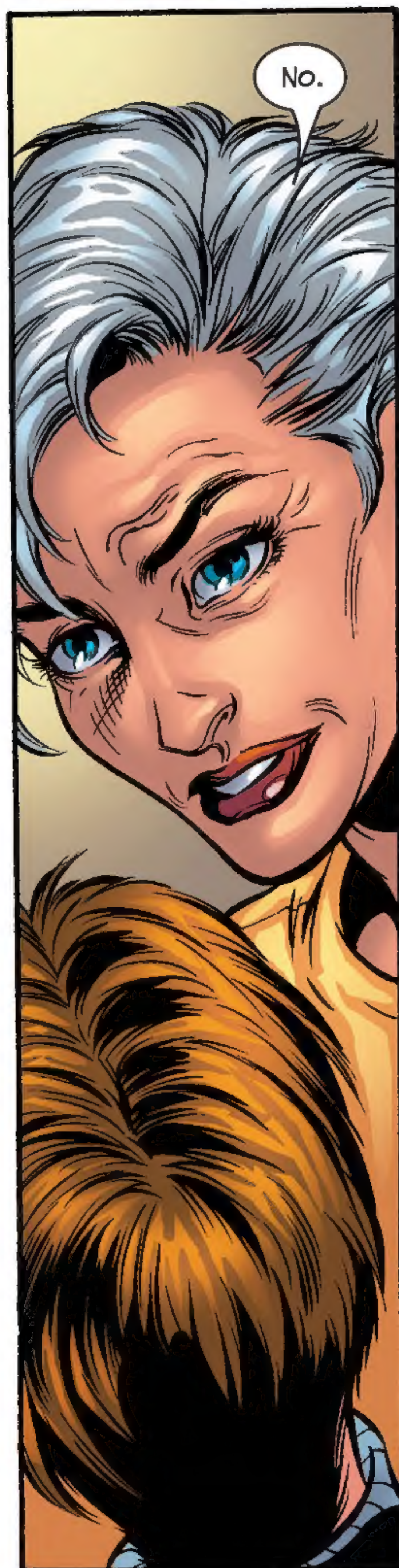


Just stay away from their house for a couple of days.

I'll talk to her mom and see what happens.



He's not going to hurt her, is he?



No.



Gwen?

Everything okay?

Get your shoes. Go for a walk with me.

We'll walk by their house, just casual-like, and if we hear anything we'll call the police.

You stay here.

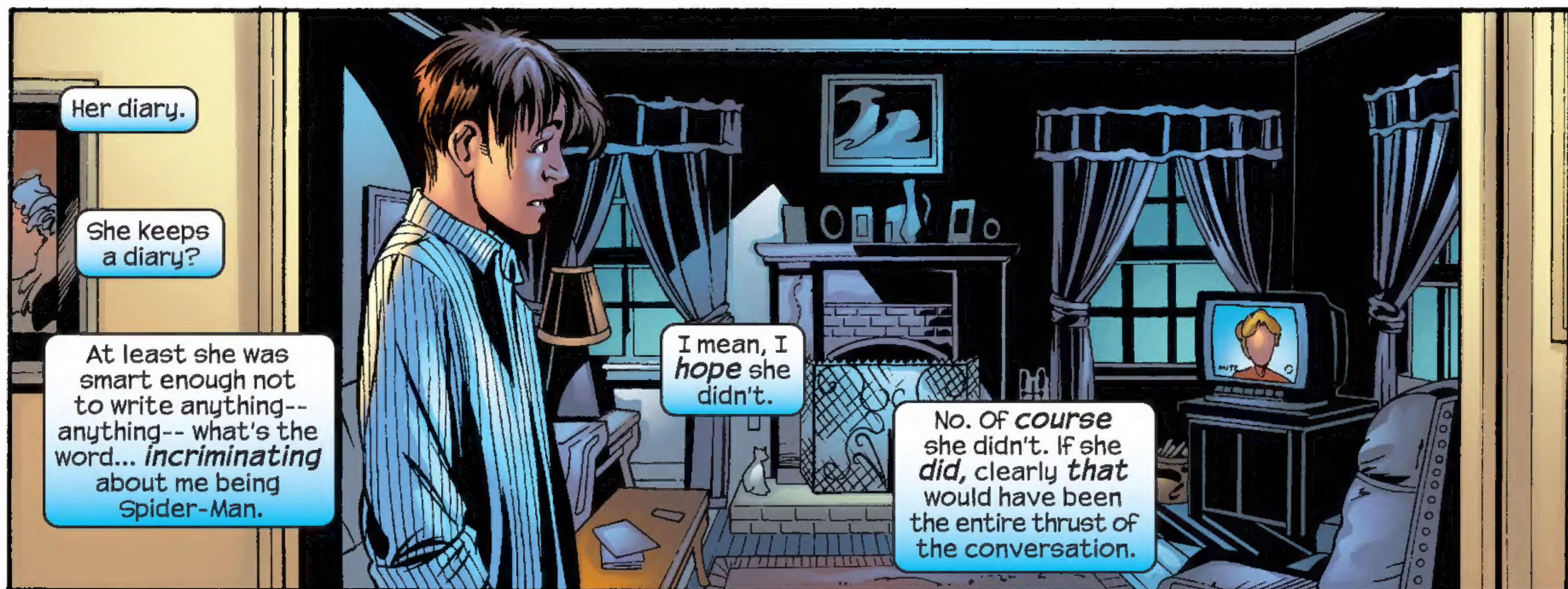
I want to--

No, it's better you stay here.



What are we doing?

Get your shoes.



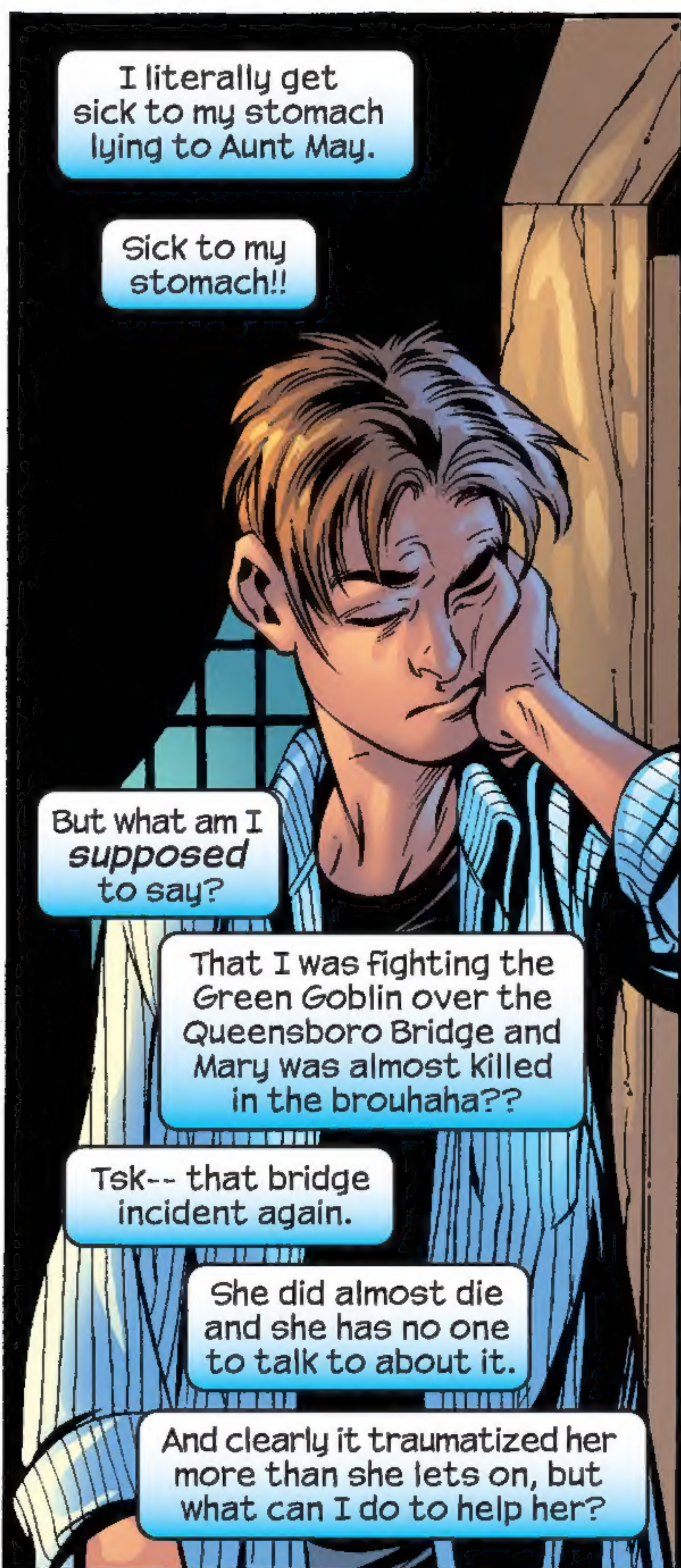
Her diary.

She keeps a diary?

At least she was smart enough not to write anything-- anything-- what's the word... *incriminating* about me being Spider-Man.

I mean, I *hope* she didn't.

No. Of *course* she didn't. If she *did*, clearly *that* would have been the entire thrust of the conversation.



I literally get sick to my stomach lying to Aunt May.

Sick to my stomach!!

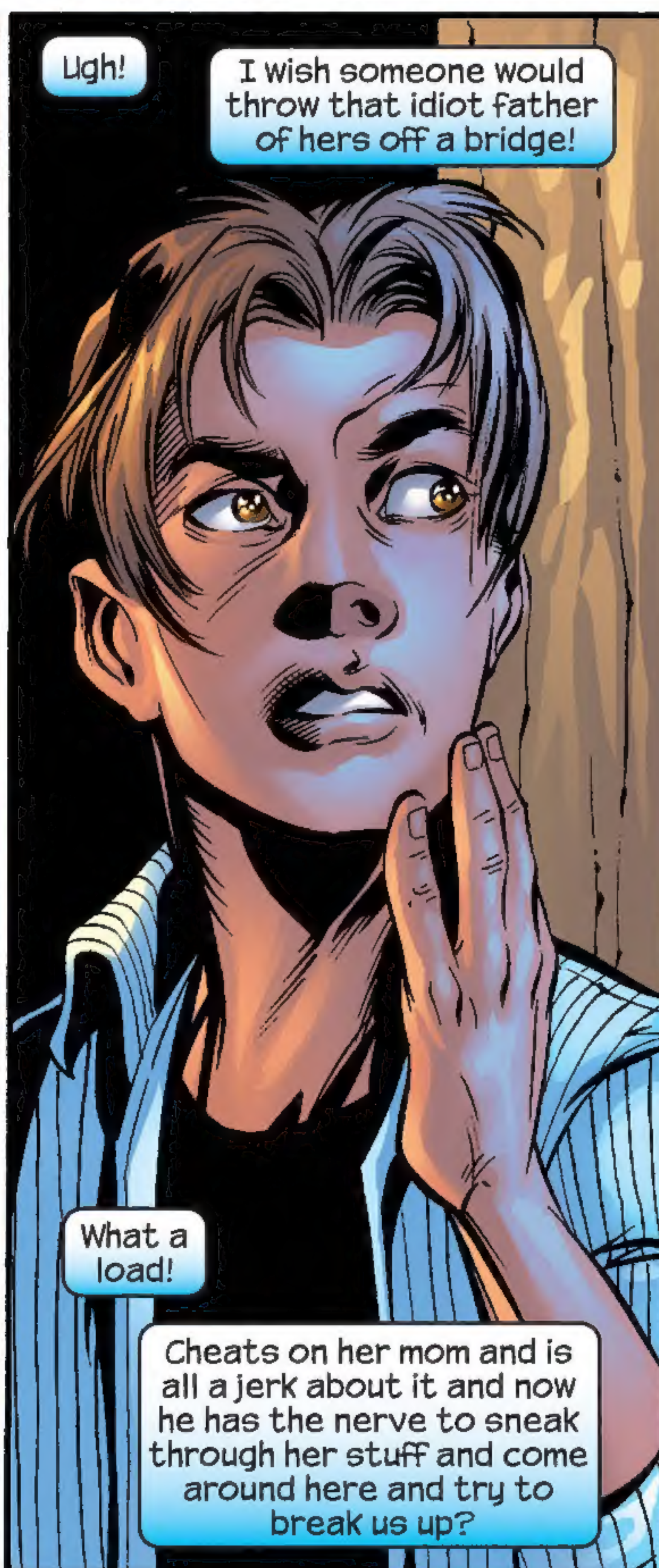
But what am I *supposed* to say?

That I was fighting the Green Goblin over the Queensboro Bridge and Mary was almost killed in the brouhaha??

Tsk-- that bridge incident again.

She did almost die and she has no one to talk to about it.

And clearly it traumatized her more than she lets on, but what can I do to help her?

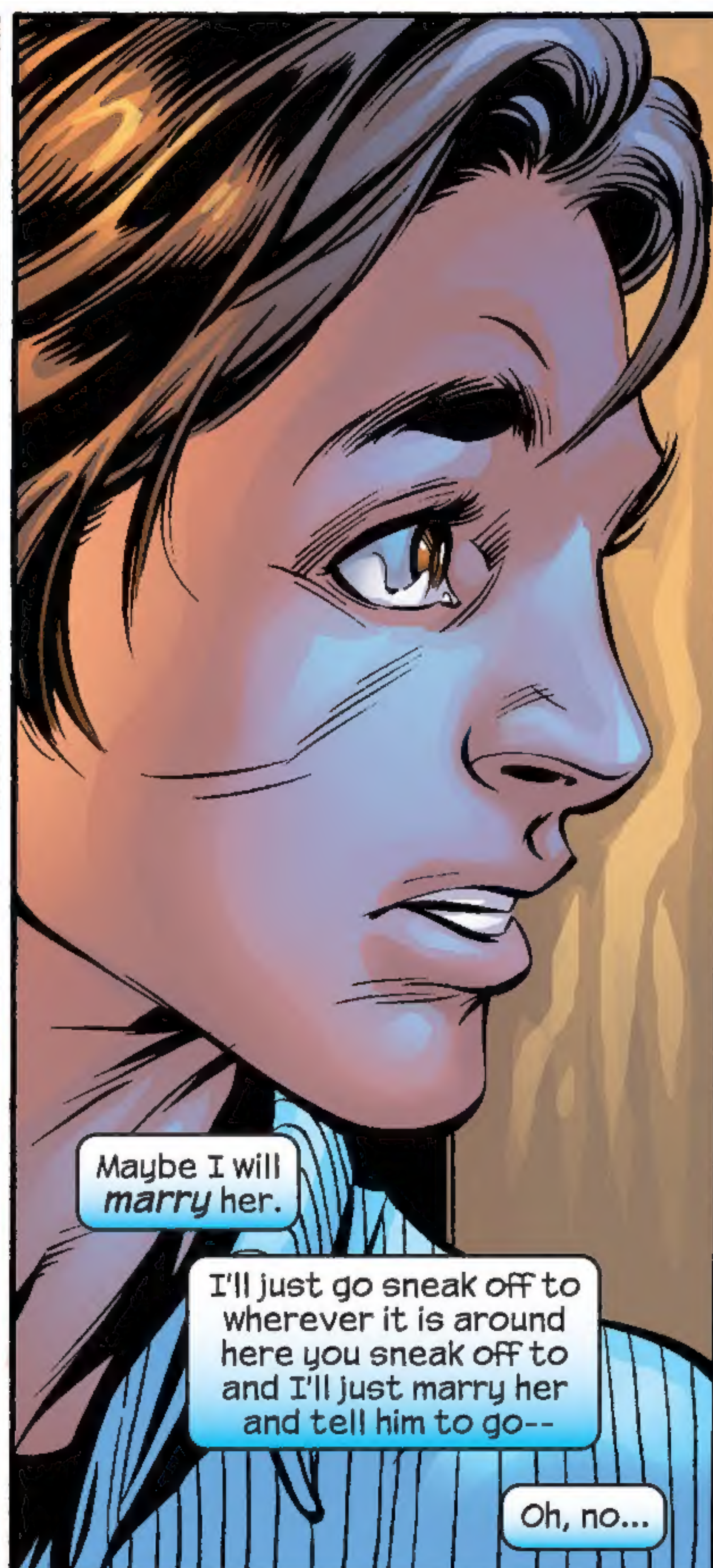


Ugh!

I wish someone would throw that idiot father of hers off a bridge!

What a load!

Cheats on her mom and is all a jerk about it and now he has the nerve to sneak through her stuff and come around here and try to break us up?



Maybe I will *marry* her.

I'll just go sneak off to wherever it is around here you sneak off to and I'll just marry her and tell him to go--

Oh, no...





...What you are seeing is amateur home video of **Spider-Man** running from the scene of tonight's daring office robbery with an unknown female partner.

This is the first clue in a string of robberies plaguing midtown Manhattan's more prominent office buildings.

Whether or not these crimes are related is still in question, but sources close to the investigation hint that they might be.

The police have not released information as to **who** the victim of the robbery was or **what** was stolen.

The identity of this female is unknown but she seems to be dressed in a cat motif.

A Black Cat.

So there you have it...



A brief glimpse at the terror that stalks our city when the sun goes down.

And it looks like his name is **Spider-Man** after all.

And that seven years' bad luck starts...

...right now.



SON OF

VULTURON